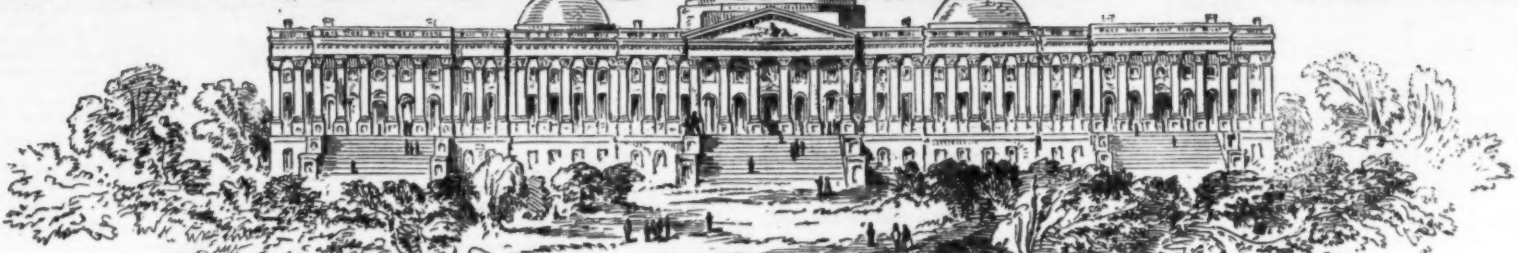


THE REISSUE OF

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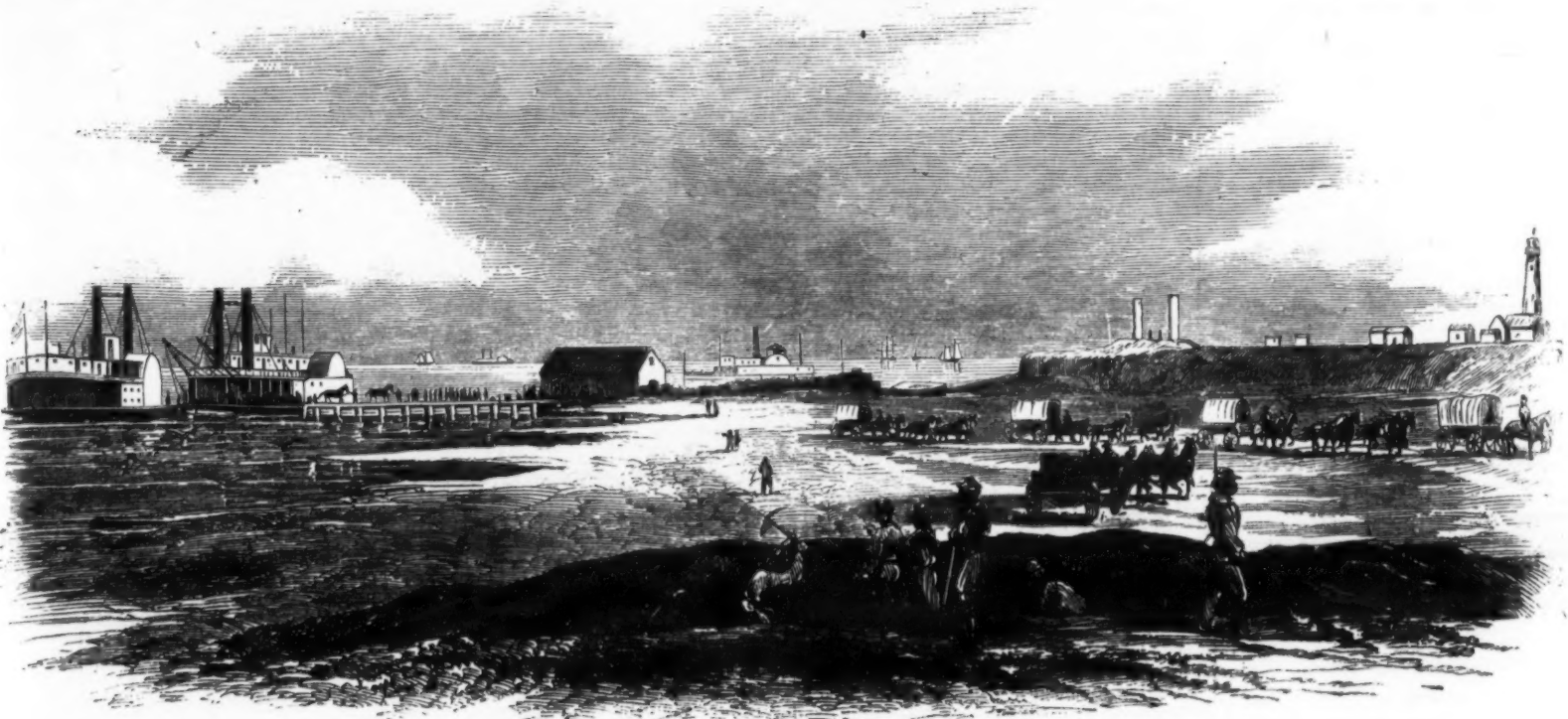
NEWS PAPER

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

[PRICE 8 CENTS.]



POINT ISABEL, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.



SOLDIERS IN THE WAR.—REBEL SOLDIERS AFTER BATTLE "FELING" (I. E. STRIPPING) THE FALLEN UNION SOLDIERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

—We have received the report of L. L. Doty Esq., Chief of the State Bureau of Military Statistics. It is a concise and interesting document, full of facts

concerning the efforts which the State of New York has made to aid the Government in suppressing the rebellion. The State furnished 222,322 men between April 15, 1861, and Dec. 31, 1863. Of this number 230,441 were mustered for three years; 30,131 for two years; 2,516 for nine months; 29,693 for three months. Reduced to a common term, the State has furnished the equivalent of 253,649 three years' men. The amount of bounties appropriated from the outbreak of the war to Jan. 1, 1864, is: By Boards of Supervisors, exclusive of action by towns, \$14,363,853 91; by Common Councils, \$6,710,946 95; by the Legislature, \$13,562,496. The total amount paid to same date is \$34,637,297 83.

The Boston Courier says that every recruit obtained for New York by the Conscription law costs the nation \$15,000.

Gen. Longstreet having objected to the circulation of the amnesty proclamation, except through his hands, Gen. Foster sent him twenty copies for distribution. The desertions from the rebel army have been so numerous lately, that Gen. Longstreet has personally selected officers to command the guard. One night last week 147 rebels came over in one batch. Starvation and breach of engagement are said to be the reasons.

Considerable anxiety exists in military circles as to the result of the operations in East Tennessee. It is now ascertained that Joe Johnston's rebel troops have joined Longstreet, and we should not be surprised to hear at any minute of a serious battle in that quarter.

Naval.—A very curious correspondence has been brought to light by the arrest of Mr. Stuart Gwynne, of the Treasury Department, in whose possession it was found. It shows a very complicated but well planned arrangement between Messrs. Gwynne, J. H. Griffiths, Gen. Hunt and others, with reference to the construction of gunboats, and so forth, for the Navy Department.

The new Navy overcoat, as adopted by U. S. Navy Department, Dec. 24, 1863, as we are informed by Messrs. Tomes, Son & Melvill, Maiden Lane, New York, for all officers is a Caban overcoat and cape of dark blue beaver or pilot cloth, lined throughout with dark blue flannel; skirt to extend 4 inches below the knee; cape to be 10 inches shorter; to be double-breasted, pockets in side seam; buttons arranged as for frock coat; cape made so as to remove at pleasure, and provided with an extra cloth collar to detach, so as to form a separate garment. On each end of the collar of the overcoat shall be the following devices: Rear Admiral, two silver stars; Commodore, one silver star; Captain, silver eagle; Commander, a silver leaf; Lieutenant-Commander, a gold leaf; Lieutenant, two silver bars; Master, one silver bar; Ensign, a small gold cord on the front edge of the collar. Stars, eagle and bars to be parallel to the ends of the collar. Staff Officers of assimilated rank to wear the same designations. The overcoats of all other officers to be plain.

Personal.—Messrs. Joyce and Richardson, who were expelled from Baltimore in 1862 and sent South for their disloyal articles in the Baltimore Republican, have been arrested in this city, they having returned here without permission of the authorities. They ran the blockade by way of Nassau and Halifax. They have been sent to Gen. Lockwood. They were on their way to Baltimore.

Frederick Peel, the second son of the late Sir Robert Peel, has just delivered a lecture in England upon America, in which he proves by his own figures to his own satisfaction, that the United States is a perfect ruin, whether the Union is restored or not. He is the most perfect bit of red tape living.

Mazini has written a letter to the Daily News of London, denying in the most indignant terms any complicity with or knowledge of the recent plot to assassinate Louis Napoleon. He acknowledges to having a slight acquaintance with Greco, one of the conspirators, but it was nearly a year ago.

George Jones, generally called Count Joannes, is an Englishman by birth. His title is genuine, having been bestowed upon him by the late King of Prussia. He is a well-educated man, rather too proud of his nobility.

Obituary.—J. B. Clay, son of the famous Henry Clay, died in Montreal last week, in his 47th year. A biography and portrait will be published in our next.

Accidents and Offences.—The Depot of the Camden and Amboy Railway Company, in Camden, was entirely destroyed by fire at six o'clock this morning. The freight cars, five cars loaded with Government hay, three emigrant cars, one hospital car, two cars filled with hogs and sheep, and a horse and mule, together with a steam fire-engine waiting transportation to New York for repairs, were destroyed.

On the morning of the 26th of January a colored man named Eli Brown shot a colored woman, Mary Sharply, in her room in Sullivan street, from the effects of which she fell dead. Jealousy the cause.

On the 27th January Mr. Haines shot Mr. Williams, the well-known billposter, for having inveigled his wife away some four years ago. The man's mind was evidently in a morbid state.

Mr. McKinley, whose connection with Mrs. Cora Hatch led to a peculiar scene some three Sundays ago, has had his son arrested for the disturbance. The developments were more splotchy than edifying.

Some nights since two young men, who gave their names as Wadsworth and Hottelwell, got into a house in Irving place, by a trick, and entering a bedroom attempted to drag two young ladies out of their beds and outrage them. Their screams brought Mr. Jackson, the master of the house, to their rescue. He severely punished the ruffians, who were arrested and taken to the station-house.

Foreign.—The official annual return of the number, name, tonnage, station, and every particular regarding the steam and sailing ships composing the British navy, was published on the 1st. The total strength of the effective ships of the navy was 975 of all classes, not including a number doing duty in the various harbors at home and abroad, the whole of which would be speedily converted into blockships for the defence of the coast, together with a numerous fleet of iron and wooden mortarboats, laid up at Chatham. Of this number there are 72 vessels ranking as line-of-battle ships, each mounting from 74 guns to 121 guns; 42 vessels of from 60 to 74 guns each; 94 steamers and other ships, carrying an armament of from 22 to 46 guns each, and the majority of which are of a size and tonnage equivalent to line-of-battle ships; 25 screw corvettes, each carrying 21 guns, and 500 vessels of all classes, including iron ship of great power and tonnage, carrying an armament from 4 guns to 21 guns each. Exclusive of the above, there is a squadron of 185 screw gunboats, each mounting two Armstrong guns. The total number of ships of all classes in commission and serving in nearly every part of the world is upward of 300, the remainder being attached to the reserve squadrons at various naval ports, and partially equipped in readiness to proceed to sea whenever their services may be required.

Kossuth had issued a Proclamation to the Hungarians which had created considerable excitement.

Home, the notorious spiritualist, had been ordered to leave Rome.

A conspiracy against the life of Napoleon had been discovered in Paris, and numerous arrests had taken place.

An address to Louis Napoleon had been presented by the Corps Legislatif, in which the necessity of peace was urged in the strongest terms.

The Court of Exchequer had refused a new trial in the matter of the suspected rebel pirate Alexander. This may be considered as something in favor of the rebels, but as the Attorney-General was going to carry the question into the higher

courts, and finally, if necessary, to the House of Lords, the decision will have no practical effect.

The Princess of Wales gave birth to a son on the 8th January. The accouchement of the Princess was so unexpected that she was on the ice on the afternoon of the day she was confined. We learn from the London Times that the newly arrived Prince weighs nine pounds, although only seven months' child. This event has given the greatest satisfaction to the English people.

The determined attitude of the German people is compelling Austria and Prussia to temporize in the matter of Schleswig and Holstein. Both these powers had warned the smaller ones from taking immediate steps in the matter. It is said that France was secretly encouraging the German federates to precipitate hostilities.

The London Saturday Review censures Macmillan's Magazine for publishing Mrs. Gaskell's beautiful tribute to the late Robert G. Shaw, who died before Charleston.

The Prince of Wales is erecting a private theatre at St. Asaph, where plays are to be acted after Christmas by "none but noble actors."

The Duc de Morny has just purchased for 7,000*fr.* Prudhon's unfinished picture of "Cupid and Psyche." At the same sale a Rembrandt was sold for 10,000*fr.*

The Revue et Gazette Musicale, of Paris, announces, authoritatively, that the "Africaine," the long expected new opera of Meyerbeer, will be produced in October, 1864.

From Japan the last news is that the bombardment of Kagosima had evidently terrified the Daimios, since the Prince of Satsuma had agreed to pay \$100,000 as indemnity for the Richardson murder, and also to punish the murderers if he can find them.

Obit.—One of the pleasant practices of Philadelphia is the publishing of ballads upon persons with whom one may have cause of quarrel. We give a verse from the last of these *Jeux d'esprit*:

He pitches into plays when good;
He punts them up when bad, sir!
He rips it into Edwin F.,
As though it had been mad, sir!
And as he writes upon half-pay,
In spite of all he preaches,
His coat is old, nor can he buy
A decent pair of breeches.
Whack! row de dow, &c.

Thomas Francis Meagher, in his funeral oration on Gen. Corcoran, before the Fenian Brotherhood, in New York, spoke as follows: "Deep in the green, green sod, in that land with all its familiar voices, with all its wild, tender or glorious sights and influences about him, did he wish and pray, and hope to be laid to sleep. Brothers of the Fenian Brotherhood, Irishmen all, see to it that his wish, his prayer, his hope, shall one day be fulfilled. In the meantime let him rest in the soil that is consecrated to liberty, underneath the starry arch of the Republic he so nobly served, and within sight of the city that honored him when dead as he had honored him when living, and where his name will never sound strange to those by whom the ashes of Montgomery and Thomas Addis Emmet are gratefully remembered."

We are beginning to understand and practise physical education; and gymnastics are becoming consequently an established branch. Mrs. Plumb's Gymnasium, 59 West 14th street, is one of the most popular of these excellent institutions. The drill is under the supervision of her brother, Mr. Robinson, one of the most accomplished professors of the art. His experience as a soldier, having been a captain in the Union army, is very much in his favor. The classes are rapidly filling up.

Crinoline has been put to a new use in Australia. At Wagga Wagga the telegraph wire broke, and, there being no other suitable material at hand for repairing it, a lady lent kindly her crinoline, which, being dissected and used to tie the electric wire together, enabled the operators to use the line.

Punch in the last number has come clean over to the North, vide its rhyme:

TRUE TO INSTINCT.
The "Earthly Vice's" holy mouth
Praises Jeff. Davis and the South
For all their pious bravery.
Our Orangemen were not so wrong
Who, in their fierce King William song,
Linked "Popery and Slavery."

NEW CHEMICAL AGENT IN WARFARE.

CHLORIDE of nitrogen will, it is said, soon be utilized as an implement of war. Its employment would seem likely to put an end to all war. Mr. Isham Bagge, an English chemist, in announcing his discovery, proposes to carry up his composition in balloons, and drop it from the air in the midst of armies and fortresses. "The very mention of this compound," he goes on to say, "as a proposed element in modern warfare, may possibly provoke a smile among chemists, who know that the most accomplished among their number would scarcely dare to experiment with it in quantities larger than a grain of mustard seed, and even then at a respectful distance, and under guard at the moment of its detonation. And yet not one of the chemists will be bold enough to deny that with two or three chemically clean carbonyls of this terrible compound present in a city or fortress, however strong, the slightest cutting of phosphorus, or a single drop of olive oil coming in contact with it, would, in an instant, decide the fate of the place and its inhabitants." Mr. Bagge then proceeds to affirm that he has discovered a method of overcoming the contingent difficulties and that he is able to manufacture this deadly material with perfect safety, and in any required quantity, and that it can be safely conveyed to its destination.

A FORTUNE IN A WOODEN LEG.—The Journal de St. Nazaire tells the following strange story: "Last week a man, about 50 years of age, a bookkeeper in a commercial house here, died suddenly from natural causes, and was interred in due course. A few days after, his sister, who resides at Nantes, came to take possession of his furniture and other property, among which were three wooden legs, the deceased having had the misfortune to lose his leg some years before. Having disposed of such articles as she did not intend to keep, among which were the wooden legs in question, the sister examined her brother's papers, and was greatly surprised on finding among them a letter, dated two years back, containing the following passage: "In my leather-mounted wooden leg, and my papers, a sum of 5,000 francs will be found." She hastened to show the letter to the Commissary of Police, who accompanied her to the purchaser of the wooden legs, but none of them were mounted with leather or contained anything. It was therefore evident that the treasure must be in the wooden leg buried with the deceased. Permission having been obtained from the authorities, the body was disinterred, and a sum of 1,000 francs in gold was found ingeniously concealed in the leg, but that was all. As two years had elapsed since the note was written, it was probable that the deceased during that interval had either spent the money or deposited it elsewhere."

TONNAGE DISPLACEMENT.—It is calculated that an iron ship of 1,000 tons internal measurement will carry a dead-weight cargo of 1,600 tons, which, added to the weight of the ship, 775 tons, gives a displacement of 2,375 tons. A wooden ship of the same internal measurement has a greater displacement of 2,475 tons. This displacement, reduced by the weight of the ship 1,000 tons, leaves a dead-weight cargo of 1,475 tons, being within 2 per cent. of the cargo of the iron ship.

WOULD YOU BE YOUNG AGAIN?

WOULD you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie,
Life's dark cloud forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore—
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Paint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fed,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and most dear, though now
Hidden from sight?
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me!
Fly, time—fly speedily!
Come life and light!

HOW SHE DID IT.

A Tale of Legislation.

By Theodore C. Wilson.

THE course of life of an attaché to a popular daily newspaper is not only replete with the curious and interesting, but often, when he is called upon to report from abroad or a distance, marked with the decidedly adventurous.

Peter Pepperthorn was one of these attachés, and when "doing up" the House of Representatives of the XXXVIIIth Congress was often sought after by shrewd politicians and grave legislators to publish "important information."

It was on a dull afternoon that a short bill with a brief title came before the House. It was a special act, and had reference to a private claim. An attempt was made to suspend the rules and pass it at once, notwithstanding it authorized an appropriation of money, and should therefore be referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, if only for this latter consideration. The motion to suspend the rules failed, and the bill took the regular course.

That evening, as Peter was walking down Pennsylvania avenue, he met the gentleman from — who had offered the bill.

"Ah! Mr. Pepperthorn," said the representative, as he shook the other's hand warmly, "I am pleased to see you."

"I can assure you that I fully reciprocate the feeling," said the reporter with a cheerful smile and winsome look.

"What do you think of that little claim which I put in this afternoon?"

"Really, I have been so engaged with Mr. So-and-so's bill, that I have been totally unable, up to this time, to attend to anything else."

"You will mention it in to-morrow's paper?"

"My dispatches are already very long."

"That's bad. Can't you put in a few words?"

"I will try to do so."

"But will not promise me that you will?"

"I cannot."

"I will pay all the expenses and make you a present beside."

"If you were to offer me a thousand dollars I should refuse it."

"Well, indeed! that is more than I ever thought a reporter would do. But before you go, you will promise me to do all you can to get it in."

Peter promised accordingly, but the arrival of next day's paper showed that the bill had not been mentioned.

According to the course of legislation, the bill remained for a long time unacted upon.

But a few days after the conversation given above, our veritable reporter was introduced to the legislator's daughter, by her father, as all three happened to meet in the hall adjacent to the ladies' gallery of the House of Representatives.

The lady remarked that she had just come to Washington for the first time, and was desirous of beholding its many curiosities; besides the "cold" Senators and "pious" M. C.'s.

Her father remarked that he must go down at once on the floor of the House, to take part in an animated discussion, that had just sprung up on a very important political question—the American citizen of African descent.

The young lady insisted on being shown around at once, and after a spirited conversation, lasting for not over a minute or so, the "representative of the press" was left in the precious society of the daughter of the "representative of the people." Of course he showed her around. Who could do it better? Who could tell so many curious incidents and interesting tales of the "halls" of Congress? As for the lady, she made herself perfectly agreeable; talked, laughed and chatted, as though it "came natural," which no doubt it did. She was a pretty girl, with bright eyes and intelligent looks, and a mode of behavior that was both graceful and elegant.

Peter could make himself very agreeable when it was necessary for him to do so. You may be sure he did not fail of this performance on the present occasion.

Some were in the habit of saying that Peter was cold, grave and reserved; others, that he was gay, courteous and intelligent; and others again, that he was both careless and indifferent, according to the manner in which he had treated them, or the natural or prejudiced reasons which influenced their judgments, and hence led to their decisions. Be it as may, Peter's conversation and course of

action evidently pleased the young lady, for when they parted she made him promise he would be sure to visit her at the National Hotel.

For several days after this Peter's whole time was consumed in attending to business. Night and day he was kept on the qui vive, and when, as the small hours came in their course, he laid himself down to sleep, he gave his whole attention to this "business," that he might gain the most "refreshing benefit," in the least possible space of time.

As he got up one morning from one of these drowsy "doses," the servant handed him a letter. It contained an extract from the ——— denouncing the claim-bill referred to in the most unmeasured terms. Accompanying the extract was a note, requesting that "our kind friend" would contradict the obnoxious article, and call on Mr. ———, who had offered the bill, for any facts that might be wanted in the premises. The letter and its contents were duly deposited in a box marked "Things to be looked after hereafter," and left there to be perhaps committed to the flames at no distant day, or forwarded in a bundle of the "miscellaneous" to New York.

That same morning, as Peter took his seat in the report-r's gallery of the House, he received a card, enclosed in a plain envelope, on which was written the following:

"Miss ——— would be pleased to see Peter Pepperthorn, Esq., Cor. ———, at her father's rooms, No. ———, National Hotel, at seven o'clock this evening."

"What has led her to send me this card of invitation?" thought Peter, as he put it carefully away in his vest pocket. "Can it be that I have really ———?"

Well, what Peter thought I will be neither ungenerous nor indiscreet enough to detail. Let it suffice that we say—Peter was smitten.

He called, as invited. The interview was a very pleasant one. Ma and pa left Peter and the daughter to their own amusements, and after both had passed several hours together, Peter went home and wrote a long contradiction to the "unjust" reflections upon the bill, and which contradiction was published in full.

When the paper came to hand containing the contradiction, pa, ma and "baby" (for such was a term which her indulgent parents sometimes applied to the young lady in question) were delighted. They seemed so grateful that they thanked Peter over and over again, until at last the reporter thought he had done them an inestimable service, and looked upon himself as one of the very dear friends of the family. He called time after time, and each succeeding interview made him more and more intimate with Miss ———. He almost learned to love her. When they met in the streets they walked and talked along together. She went with him to the theatre and to private suppers, and praised and commended as her companion did, whether the subject was a hat, a dress, a President or a political measure. So infatuated did Peter become with the fair one, that he thought he could never say too much in the paper about the little bill. This he "noticed" whenever opportunity offered. At last, when the bill did come before the house, it was passed without opposition; all the members having read how just the claim was, and how of a rightful necessity it was but proper they should allow it.

The next day after the passage of the bill, Miss ———, the gay, lively, intelligent, lovable woman was non est inventa.

When Peter inquired of the honorable gentleman from ——— where his daughter was, Mr. ———, innocent-like, said she had just left that morning for her home in the ———.

Peter put his hand on that part of the body near which his heart ought to be, and felt what can better be imagined than expressed in words.

He afterwards learned that Mr. ———, the honorable gentleman from the great State of ——— had "the obnoxious article" inserted in "that newspaper" but to get Peter to contradict it, and thus bring out the other side of the question in a paper that did circulate in all parts of the country.

Peter has met with many other adventures since the above one, but has ever remained distrustful of the gay and fascinating daughters of "honorable" M. C.'s.

GEORGIA COLONELS.

In the Mexican war Georgia thought she would raise a regiment, and she did—but every man in it was a Colonel. They tossed up coppers all round to decide who should have command, and started to reinforce Scott. Previous to marching they consulted Hardee and found that the soldier is directed to march with his "left foot forward." So what did the precious regiment of Colonels do but go shuffling all the way from Georgia to Mexico, showing the left foot forward and dragging the right one after it!

For a band they had 60 of the best fiddlers that the plantations of the State afforded.

Scott was drilling his men by brigades, when he saw a tremendous cloud of dust in the distance, which seemed to herald the coming of an army terrible with banners. Ordering his batteries into position and his brigades into line, he galloped with his staff to see what the matter was.

"What the devil are you, where did you come from, and where are you going to?" he shouted, as soon as within hailing distance.

"Georgia regiment of Georgia Colonels, General," the commander made answer, while the fiddlers struck up a tune that set all the war horses dancing, "and we are going to reinforce Scott."

"But what are you marching in that fashion and kicking up such a devil of a dust for?" shouted Scott, in thundering and wondering tones.

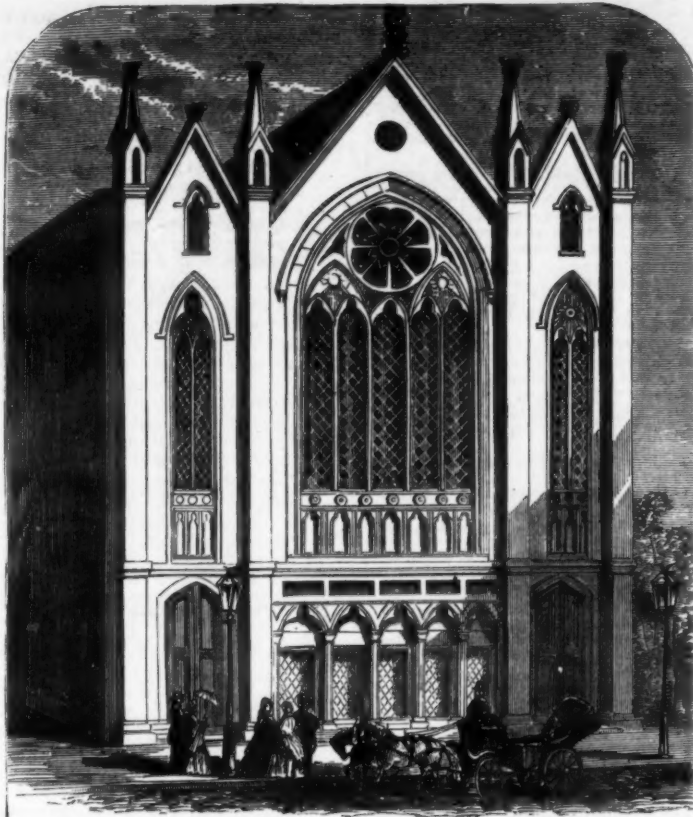
"Hardee's tactics, General," returned the commander, gaily; flourishing the open pages of the book in the air, "Hardee's Tactics, left foot foremost, General."

"And I'll be blessed, gentlemen," said the old General, in telling the story, "if the whole regiment of Georgia Colonels hadn't marched all the way from Georgia to Vera Cruz with their left feet foremost, kicking up the raggedest dust you ever did see."

"Let me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder mill.



REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM, PASTOR OF THE THIRD CONGREGATIONAL UNITARIAN CHURCH, N. Y.



THE THIRD CONGREGATIONAL UNITARIAN SOCIETY'S CHURCH, WEST FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.



LIEUT. BRAINE, THE PIRATE WHO SEIZED THE CHESAPEAKE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BERRY.

BRIG.-GEN. ALFRED I. PLEASANTON, U. S. A.,

Was born in Washington, D. C., in January, 1824, and entered the Military Academy in 1840. On graduating, in 1844, he was made Brevet Second Lieutenant in the 1st Dragoons, and won a brevet of First Lieutenant for gallantry and meritorious conduct at the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, in the latter of which he made a splendid charge on the Mexican batteries, giving promise of a great cavalry officer. In 1849 he was sent to California, with the rank of First Lieutenant. He afterwards served in New Mexico and Texas, and in 1854 was ordered to Fort Leavenworth. In 1855 he was made Captain, and attached to the staff of Gen. Harney, first as Assistant Adjutant-General, accompanying him in the Sioux expedition, and then as Adjutant-General, in the Seminole campaign, from 1856 to 1860, as well as in his operations in Kansas, Oregon and Washington territories. In March, 1861, he was ordered to Utah, but was recalled in the fall of that year, and in February, 1862, appointed Major of the 2d cavalry, which he had commanded for some months. He served through McClellan's peninsular campaign with the Army of the Potomac, and on July 16th, 1862, was made Brigadier-General, taking command of Stoneman's brigade. On the return of the Army of



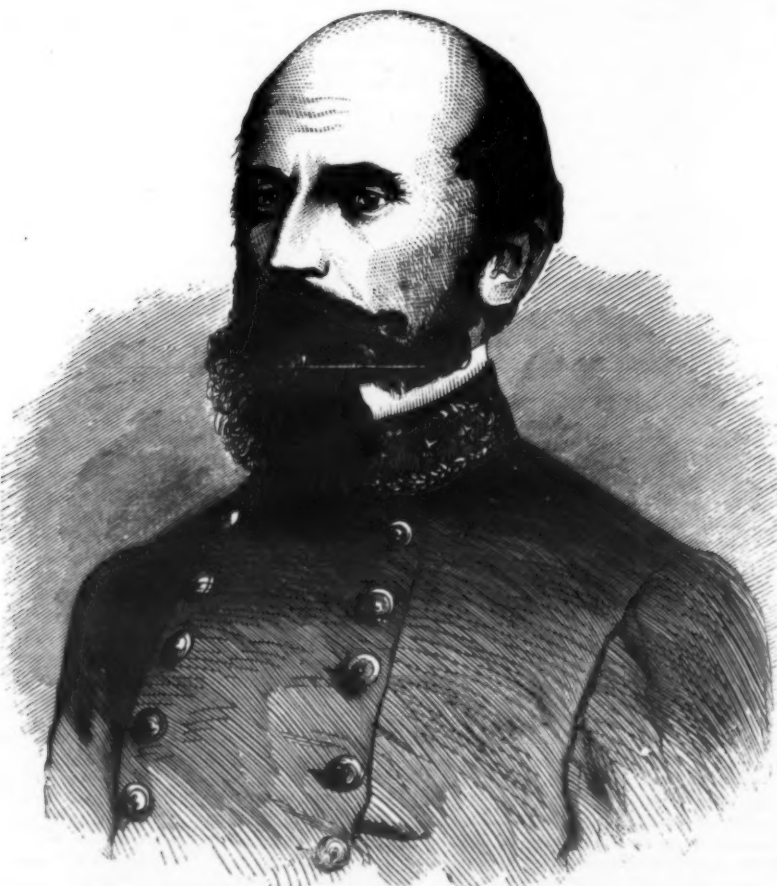
CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OPELOUSAS, LA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

the Potomac he was actively employed, and has since been connected with the brilliant cavalry operations of the war. His ability is so well recognized that he has been spoken of as likely to succeed to the command of the Army of the Potomac.

CATHOLIC CHURCH AT OPELOUSAS.

The quaint old church at Opelousas, on the beautiful Teche, amid the lands of the descendants of the hapless Acadians, was erected some 80 years since by the Capuchin Friars, who then administered to the religious wants of the settlers. Founded when Louisiana was a Spanish colony, it has seen the banners of Spain, France, the United States and rebellion floating over it. It is at present under the pastoral care of the Rev. Messrs. Raymond, two brothers, natives of France. Near it stands the Convent of the Immaculate Conception, an Ursuline establishment, the nuns directing St. Mary's Academy, in other times a prosperous institution. But the visitation of armies has impoverished the land and many proprietors have fled.

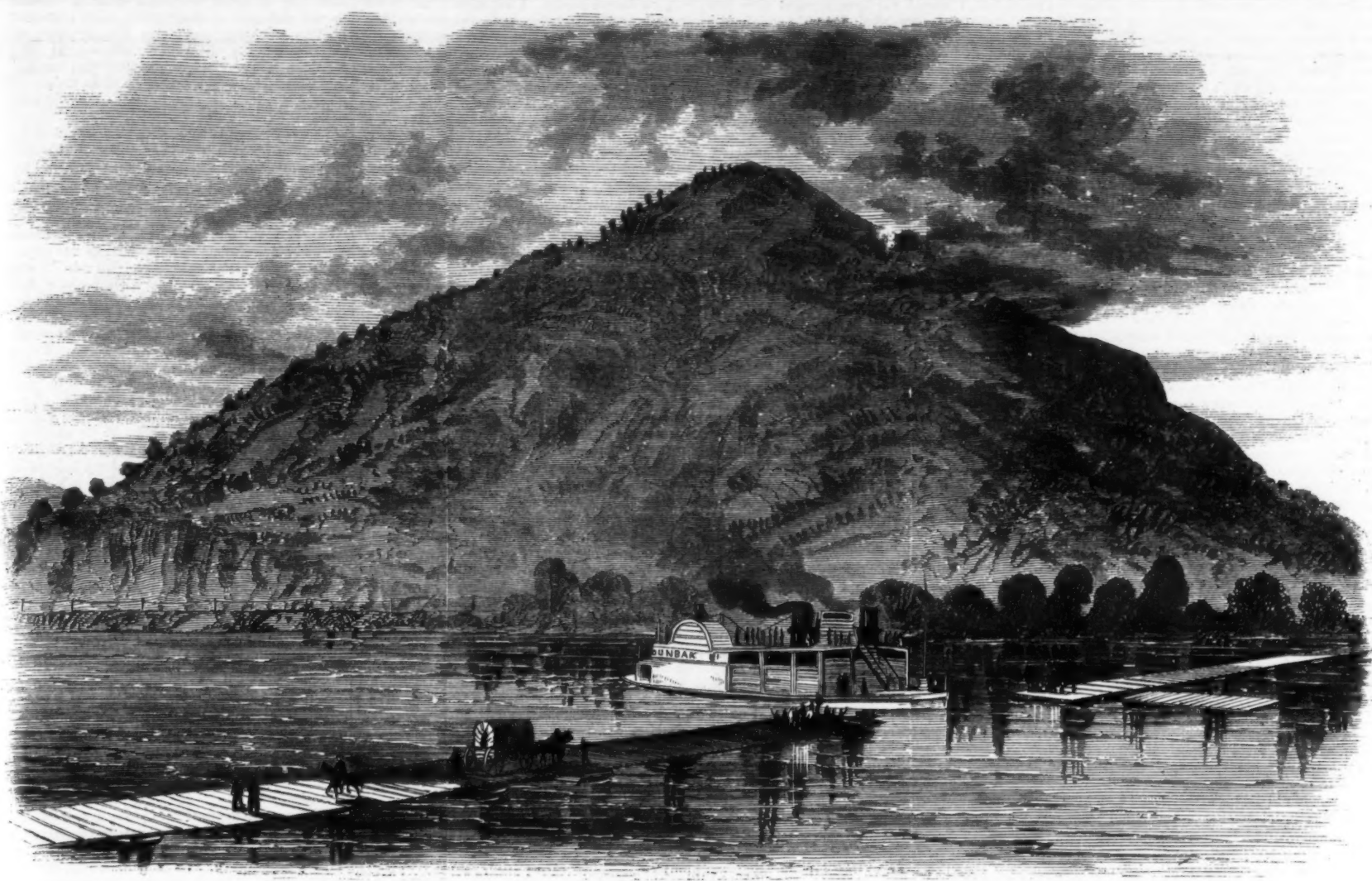
It is not so pleasant for nations to mingle their blood in battle as by intermarriages.



GEN. R. A. SWELL, OF THE REBEL ARMY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



BRIG.-GEN. ALFRED PLEASANTON, U. S. A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.



THE WAR IN TENNESSEE—BROWN'S FERRY ON THE TENNESSEE, SHOWING LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHILL.

"FIRE!"

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

OUT upon the midnight's gloom
Peals the wild alarm of fire,
Startling as the trump of doom,
While the flames to heaven aspire,



And across the clouded sky
Fling their lurid banners wide,
Roofs and walls and pavements nigh
All in scarlet colors dyed.

Hark! the deep-toned, solemn bells
Strike their awful, signal sounds,
And their music grandly swells
In and o'er the city's bounds;
While the engines, ringing clear,
Drawn along by stalwart hands,
Rushing through the streets appear,
Guided by their chief's commands.

"Save and rescue" on their scroll
Blazoned is, in letters bright,
As the glowing axes roll
Swiftly through the murky night.
Naught care they for storm or gale,
Naught for winter's piercing frost,
They have no such word as "fall,"
And they never count the cost.

But, devoted, on they go,
Till they meet, in contest dire,
That unsparing, angry foe,
That relentless demon—fire!
Till they conquer and subdue
His rebellious rage and hate:
For such souls, so brave and true,
Soar superior to fate.

They will drown the surging flame,
They will quell the horrid rout,
While surrounding crowds exclaim,
"Thanks to God, the fire is out!"
Hushed is now the wild uproar,
Bells have ceased their loud alarm,
And the baby sleeps once more,
Cradled on its mother's arm.

SORGHUM MOLASSES.—The five principal States of the West for the production of sorghum molasses are Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio. Their estimated production last year, was 10,203,778 gallons. This year only 6,670,882 gallons.

THE VEILED LADY.

A Leaf from a Physician's Notebook.

By John B. Williams.

I AM an old man now. My hair was silvered with gray years ago. My days on earth cannot be many. My memory begins to fail me. Events which occurred in the early part of my life are fading from my mind. And yet, strange to say, every now and then recollection appears to be lighted up in my brain, as if memory were not extinct but only slept. Perhaps the vehicle for the expression of the thoughts of the soul is becoming dull, age having impaired its usefulness.

Yesterday I was reading in a French journal an account of some recent extraordinary chemical discoveries. How strange it is that a word will sometimes call up a whole flood of reminiscences which have entirely passed from the mind! It would seem as if memory is something material embedded in the brain, and that it is only reproduced when another thought enters that organ and acts upon it



"She comes!"

in some subtle manner. Of course this is purely an hypothesis, incapable of proof—but certain it is that reading about the recent chemical discoveries in France awoke in my mind the recollection of an event which transpired many years ago, and in which I acted a subordinate part.

Many, many years ago I almost made up my mind to make the matter public. I remember I debated the matter for a long time, but the fear that the improbability of the history, from the extraordinary character of the events, would convey a reflection on my veracity, restrained me. With age has come obtuseness, and I care nothing about the opinion of the world now. I know what I relate is true—and this is sufficient for me—nor shall I attempt to explain the extraordinary phenomena of which I have to speak. I have no doubt a natural explanation could be given, but I am too old now to attempt it. Without further digression I will relate what I have to tell.

Thirty-five years ago I was practising as a physician in a village in the State of Virginia. It was a rustic spot, and in spring and autumn it was really beautiful. The village on all sides was surrounded by majestic trees, which had braved time for many a long year, and which every summer embedded the white cottages in a mantle of greenery. This village boasted of its country tavern, its parsonage, its blacksmith shop, its country store, and other buildings usually found in such places. But the great pride of the place was a large building which went by the name of the Grange.

It was a very old mansion, having been erected in the days of the early settlers of the State. It



The Veiled Lady and her two Husbands in the Picture Gallery.

was situated about one mile from the village in question, and was at the same time the pride and fear of the inhabitants. It was an Elizabethan structure, rambling, large and commodious. One side of it was completely embedded with ivy, and the windows, around which the evergreen had been trimmed, resembled paths cut through the foliage. The front was gray and discolored; the windows were small, gothic shaped and latticed. It was situated on a beautiful eminence, so that it was a conspicuous object for miles. The Grange was surrounded on all sides by a species of park, which extended at the back of the dwelling for several acres, and was terminated by a beautiful stream of water, which rippled gently music over its pebbly bed all the year round, excepting a short time when it congealed under the baleful eye of Sirius, the King of Winter. The rooms were lofty, the staircase wide, and the oak, so plentifully used in its internal construction, was almost black with age.

When I first went to live in the village of Daughton the Grange was unoccupied. The owner had never lived in it for years, but had resided most of the time in New York. One day, however, the whole village was in a state of commotion by the arrival of workmen who had come to put the Grange in a condition of thorough repair. A hundred rumors were immediately afloat, but which all eventually were absorbed into one report—namely, that Mr. Templeman was about to be married, and would bring his bride home to his family mansion. This rumor proved to be a correct one, for in a short time the house was repaired, the old-fashioned furniture was dusted, the cobwebs were removed from the picture-gallery, a bevy of black servants were installed there from one of Mr. Templeman's Southern plantations, the building was declared to be ready, and it received the owner and his bride.

The village was immediately all excitement. Who had seen the bride? Was she pretty? Was she young? Did she seem happy? These and a hundred other questions were asked, but no one could give a satisfactory reply to any one of them. The fact was, no one had seen her face, for she was closely veiled when she arrived.

Days, weeks, months passed away, and Mrs. Templeman had never been seen, excepting by persons in her own household. Mr. Templeman, however, often visited the village. It was noticed when he first returned to the home of his fathers, he appeared to be in excellent—indeed it might be called robust health; but by degrees a change came over him; he grew pale and visibly declined. His eyes, too, had a strange expression about them; usually they had a dull, dreamy look, very different from the light of intelligence which shone in them when he first came home, but then again they would suddenly lighten up in the most surprising manner, and he would then seem to be bewildered, and scarcely know what he was doing.

One day he called upon me at my house. I was not burdened with many patients at that time, and was generally at home.

"Doctor Macfarland," said he to me, "I wish to consult you respecting my health. I have something the matter with me which is undermining my health—but what it is I know not. All that I do know is, that I am getting weaker every day."

"What are your symptoms, Mr. Templeman?"

"Well, doctor, to tell you the truth, I don't know myself. I only am aware of the fact that I am declining every day. I cannot sleep at night; I lay and toss about for hours together; I do not suppose I get more than three or four hours sleep on an average."

"To what can you ascribe this want of sleep—have you no mental trouble?"

"None at all."

"Is your mind fixed on any one particular pursuit?"

"I indulge a good deal in chemical experiments, and devote a considerable portion of my time in investigating this beautiful science. But this soothes rather than irritates me."

I examined my patient, and found that every organ of the body was in a normal condition. The heart and lungs were perfectly healthy; digestion was good; in fact it was impossible for me after an hour's careful investigation to discover the slightest vestige of disease, and yet he was evidently failing. He was losing flesh, and if some remedy were not discovered he must ultimately die.

"Mr. Templeman," I exclaimed, after I had finished my examination, "your affection is evidently one of the nervous system. You must—"

While I was yet speaking he rose suddenly from his chair, and his eyes which before had been dull and heavy suddenly grew brilliant as two diamonds.

"Excuse me," said he, advancing towards the door, "she is calling me. I must go."

"She!" I exclaimed, "who do you mean? No one has called you."

"My wife!" he replied, and rushed out of the house.

I was very much astonished at this strange conduct, and was at a loss how to account for it. I immediately followed him to the door; there was not a soul in sight. My impression was that his brain was affected.

The next day I received a message from the Grange, requesting my immediate presence as Mr. Templeman was seriously ill. I obeyed the summons at once, and was shown into a very large bed chamber, the heavy old-fashioned furniture of which contrasted strangely with the modern carpet with which the floor was covered. On a stately four-post bedstead reclined my patient. His eyes were wild and haggard, and his cheek was as pale as a corpse.

"Doctor," said he, as soon as he saw me, "I am glad you have come. I am sick—very sick."

I examined his pulse, and strange to say found that it was quite natural; his respiration too was easy, and had it not been for his wild gaze and

pallid face, I should not have thought there was anything the matter with him. I asked him a few questions, to which he responded in a natural manner.

"You appear to be suffering very much," I exclaimed, after he had replied to all my queries; "is there any fear oppressing your heart?"

"Doctor, your are right, you have guessed it; there is a fear oppressing my heart, one that haunts me night and day; a demon that never quits my side, riding or walking, awake or asleep; it is my constant guest; it is the demon of self-destruction."

"Self-destruction! what do you mean?"

"I mean that I am haunted day and night with the idea of suicide. I feel an almost irresistible impulse to lay violent hands upon myself."

"Have you no reason for this feeling?"

"None at all. I am wealthy. I enjoy every comfort. I—"

At that moment his features assumed the same expression it had done the day before in my office.

"O God of Heaven!" he exclaimed, pointing towards the door, "she has just left her room; she advances along the corridor; she stops to adjust her hair; she comes to the door; she is here!"

With that he gave a shriek and fell back on the bed insensible. At that moment the door opened and his wife entered the room. I had not time at the moment even to glance at her; my whole attention was occupied by my now unconscious patient. In a very short time I succeeded in restoring him to life, in which office I was assisted by a pair of milk-white hands, which, when they touched mine, sent a strange thrill through my whole system.

After we had restored him to consciousness, he fell into a deep slumber, and Mrs. Templeman beckoned me out into another room. It was now for the first time that I had an opportunity of examining the woman about whom report had been so busy. She led the way into the picture gallery, and we sat down on a sofa. When I gazed on Mrs. Templeman a strange feeling which I could not account for took possession of me. A mist at first appeared to float before my eyes, through which I could see the dim form of my companion. This, however, cleared away by degrees, and I could gaze on her without emotion. She was gorgeously beautiful, such beauty as I have never seen before or since. Her hair was as black as a raven's plume; her eyes were intensely black, but they were large, lustrous and piercing in their gaze. They seemed to enter one's very soul, and when she looked straight at me I felt deprived of all power or strength. She was of tall and commanding stature, but her form was gracefully moulded. Her skin was white as the purest alabaster; her neck and shoulders might have served as a model for the Titian Venus; her cheek was tinged with the hue of perfect health; and her long eyelashes gave a peculiar expression to her face, which it is difficult to describe. It must not be supposed from my description of Mrs. Templeman that I experienced anything like admiration for her beauty. It was entirely the reverse, and even now when I try to analyze my feelings I cannot do it. I felt at the same time attracted and repelled by her presence. It was certain when she gazed on me I felt the influence much more than at other times; when she appeared to be thinking of something else I could look upon her and be in her presence without the slightest emotion.

"What do you think of Mr. Templeman's case?" said she in a voice so peculiar that I could compare it to nothing else than the notes given forth by an Æolian harp.

I told her my opinion—namely, that I considered he was suffering from some nervous disorder, and that a change of scene would be more likely to restore him to health again than anything else. She fully agreed with me, and promised to exert her influence to make him take a trip to Paris. After we had discussed the matter fully, I was attracted by the pictures, and stood up to examine them. I walked from one end of the gallery to the other. When at the lower end I was struck with a full-length portrait of Oliver Cromwell, but through the canvas were the distinct marks of two bullet holes. I thought it rather strange, and turned round to Mrs. Templeman, and made some inquiry in reference to it. I fancy she appeared confused, for she changed the subject of conversation. In a short time after that I left, promising to return the next day.

The next morning I was there early, and was immediately shown into my patient's bedchamber. I found him something better, but still very weak and nervous. I had reflected a great deal on his case since the previous day, but could only come to the conclusion that his wife's presence had a mysterious influence upon him; but how or in what way this could occur I did not attempt to explain. I resolved to converse with him on the subject.

"Mr. Templeman," I began, "Mrs. Templeman's presence appears to have a strange effect upon your nervous system."

"You are right, doctor," he replied; "she is killing me."

"Killing you! What do you mean?"

"I repeat it. She is killing me—not by poison or by any physical means, but simply by the influence of her mind."

"The influence of her mind?"

"Yes; my mind is completely subjugated to hers. What she wills I must do. I am perfectly satisfied if she were to will me to put my hand into that fire, I should be compelled to do it."

"You can scarcely be serious in what you say."

"Alas! it is only too true. Listen to me while I tell you something, for I feel to keep this matter secret any longer would be death to me. I met Mrs. Templeman in New York, for the first time, some three years ago. At that period she was married. I was introduced to her, and was struck

with her superb beauty. I lost sight of her for two years, but when I met her again she was a widow. I was attracted by her magnificent appearance, and married her. I had not been married a week before I was conscious that there was some strange influence at work with my mind. Whenever my wife looked fixedly at me thoughts and feelings would arise which did not seem to emanate from myself. It was some little time before I found out the exact truth of the matter; but when I did discover it, when I did find out that I was a slave, that I no longer possessed will, mind or power, a terrible feeling of desire to rid myself of life haunted me. With this feeling I have contended for months, and I find each day it becomes stronger and stronger. That it will ultimately end by my committing suicide, if this spell is not broken, I am perfectly satisfied."

"What makes you so satisfied on this point?"

"I will tell you. I find that Mrs. Templeman has been married twice before."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; and both her husbands committed suicide!"

There was something very strange and fearful in this revelation. When I remembered the influence this strange woman had over myself I felt my very blood turn to ice.

"But does she not treat you kindly?" I asked.

"Kindly? Yes. The same kindness that a serpent shows the bird when he is sure of his prey. He does not attack him, but remains at the bottom of the tree until the bird falls directly into his mouth."

"Do you suppose this influence is voluntary on her part?"

"I know it is. When her mind is occupied with something else she loses influence over me, and for that time I feel myself a man again. It is at such moments that an irresistible desire to kill her rises up in my mind. I have thought of a thousand different ways. Sometimes it is poison, at others I will slay her while she sleeps, but she paralyzes me in a moment by her will."

"Hush, my dear sir! Such thoughts as these will lead me to suspect that your brain is disordered."

"But it is not, doctor. I thought I had effected my purpose the other night. I was in my study, reading, when I fancied I heard voices in the picture-gallery. It was near midnight, and my first idea was that robbers had broken in. I took my gun and entered the picture-gallery. I saw, as plainly as I see you now, my wife stretched on the ground, and the form of her late husband bending over her in a threatening attitude. Although I had seen him only twice in my life, I knew him perfectly. The desire to free myself from my cursed thralldom was too powerful. I raised the gun to my shoulder and fired. When the smoke cleared away there was no one to be seen, and almost immediately afterwards my wife came running into the gallery by the same door that I had entered, to inquire what was the matter. I am now inclined to think the whole was a hallucination. The next day I examined the spot to which I had aimed when I fired the gun. I found the bullets had pierced a portrait of Oliver Cromwell."

"You are right in your supposition," I replied; "that must have been an optical delusion. Such things are common when the mind is disturbed."

"I suppose so. But what course do you recommend me to pursue?"

I then told him that he had better at once leave the country, and recommended Paris to him as the place where he would most likely meet with persons and events that would restore his nervous system to a healthy condition again. He agreed to the proposal, and in a week he started off to New York and left by a packet sailing from that city to Havre.

A week passed without anything occurring, when one day I received a message from the Grange requesting my immediate presence there to see Mrs. Templeman. I thought by the urgency of the message that she must be very sick. I was therefore very much surprised to find her sitting in her boudoir, apparently in perfect health.

"Doctor," said she, as soon as I entered the room, "I have not sent for you professionally. I wish to consult you on another matter."

I bowed but made no reply.

"You are aware," she continued, "that my husband has devoted himself a great deal to chemical pursuits. For days together he has been at work in the vault underneath this house—especially was this the case a few days before he left for Paris. Now I will confess to you that I have an irresistible curiosity to know what he has been doing there. At the same time I am not free from a species of superstitious dread about descending into that cold, dark, damp place. Will you examine the vault for me?"

"Did Mr. Templeman express a desire that no one should enter it during his absence?"

"He gave the most strict orders to that effect, and especially begged me not to visit the vault. It is this very fact which makes me so desirous of seeing it. I should never have thought of it if he had not been so earnest in the matter."

"Madam," I replied, "I regret that I cannot comply with your request. Mr. Templeman's wishes in this matter must be law with me."

She tried in vain to combat my resolutions, but I was determined, and soon after left her—she was evidently anything but pleased with me.

The next evening a report was current in the village that Mrs. Templeman had suddenly disappeared—that she had not been seen since the evening before when she retired to bed. Search was immediately made in every direction for her—but it was all fruitless. It was then that I suddenly thought about the vault, and suggested that some one should search it—relating the particulars of the conversation I had had with her on the subject.

The necessary search was made, and to the horror of every one she was found on the floor of the vault stone dead. There was no wound visible,

and a jury of inquest returned a verdict of "Death by the visitation of God." The vault contained nothing particular, and there was certainly no evidence of any occupation followed by Mr. Templeman there. A few bottles and vials containing chemicals was all that could be found. I noticed, however, that there was a strong sulphurous smell plainly apparent.

This sad termination of the life of such a beautiful woman was a nine days' wonder, and a vast variety of opinions were given on the subject. By degrees, however, it ceased to be talked about, and in a month or two it seemed to be entirely forgotten.

It was about three months after this occurrence that I was seated in my little parlor one night, resting myself after a long country ride. I was informed by my black boy that a gentleman wished to see me. I gave orders that he should be admitted, and almost immediately afterwards Mr. Templeman entered the room; but, oh! so changed, that I scarcely knew him. He was wasted to a perfect shadow; his arms appeared to hang helplessly by his side; his eyes were sunk deep in their sockets, but still shone with an unearthly glare; his features were pinched, and his face was as colorless as that of a corpse—in fact his whole appearance was more that of a living corpse than anything else. He sat down, and for a minute or two he did not utter a word. At last, in a hoarse whisper, he exclaimed:

"She is dead!"

I proceeded to condole with him at his wife's sudden decease, but he interrupted me.

"I murdered her! I killed her! Her blood is on my soul! It has been eating into my heart ever since that fatal night. I have not slept for weeks!"

"Compose yourself, sir," I replied. "You accuse yourself wrongfully; she died while you were on the road to Paris."

"True, but I killed her, notwithstanding. Listen! I will tell you how. You are aware that I have been devoting a considerable time to chemical experiments. In the course of my investigations I discovered an explosive substance which would ignite at the slightest friction—being even more explosive than fulminating mercury; but it also possessed this property, namely, that when it exploded any person near it would be struck dead as if from a stroke of lightning, and no mark or wound would show how the person had met his death. The truth is that it kills through the nervous system. I prepared some of this chemical and placed it in the vault in such a manner that whoever should open the door would explode the compound and must meet with certain death. I then told my wife on no account whatever to visit the vault, but I knew that the very fact of my telling her this would make her disobey my wishes. You know the result. I am her murderer!"

I tried to soothe him as well as I could. Suddenly he rose up in his chair—his eyes assumed a fearful expression. Stretching forth his hand, he exclaimed:

"She calls me! From the cold dark grave she calls me! I cannot resist—I must go!"

And he again fell back into the chair—dead!

REBELS PEELING THE DEAD.

AMONG the pitiable scenes of the war is the stripping of the fallen Union soldiers on the battlefield, which, though at first denied, is now acknowledged, and seems to be an organized system in the armies of the Confederates. Their wretched financial condition, the difficulty of obtaining clothing, seem to be an excuse, but the whole affair is so characteristic of the rebels, so clear an example of their want of finer feelings, that it is stamped as one of the great features of the war.

We know now that bodies of troops are kept in reserve for the purpose, and that before the smoke of battle clears away these men march forward to their loathsome task and begin stripping the dead and dying. How far this is carried may be inferred from the remarks of Mr. Joseph F. Townsend, the Superintendent of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, who, in speaking of the unrecognized dead, says: "It is lamentable that there are so many unknown dead (about one-fourth of the whole), but that was owing to the fact that those who fell in the first day's fight were stripped by the rebels."

JOHN O. BRAINE, THE PIRATE OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

WE give a portrait of this infamous murderer, sent by the so-called Government at Richmond here in disguise, and furnished in New York by rebel sympathizers with money and arms to go on board the Chesapeake. Our readers know but too well how he and his pretended fellow-travellers seized the steamer and murdered poor Shaffer, whose widow now lies destitute on a bed of sickness, while those who aided Braine here are unmolested.

The photograph on which our portrait is based was taken by Mr. William Berry, at Amherst, N.S., a few weeks since. Braine was there in disguise under the name of Bay. He was quite popular in the place, and as we are informed by Mr. G. J. Chadwick, to whom we are indebted for the portrait, was not suspected of being at all concerned in the affair. "We only found out it was Braine on Sunday last, the 17th inst., when J. Nolles, Esq., called to take him to Saint Mary's church, presided over by the Rev. Charles Gay, D.D., and D. C. L. of King's College, Windsor. Mr. Braine, or as he called himself Bay, was not to be found. After a search for him throughout the hotel, one of the waiters informed Mr. Nolles that Bay or Braine had gone out early that morning, carrying a package seemingly very heavy, and upon reaching his room only an empty trunk was to be found. Bay or Braine paid his bill up to Saturday, therefore the landlord was no loser. He, Bay or Braine, after walkings even miles on Sunday morning, engaged Mr. Stephen Gould to drive him to Fort Lawrence, about fifteen miles; he was taken there and left at the Lawrence House, kept by Stephen Bolles. After taking a hearty dinner (and paying for it), he was driven in a sleigh to Cape Tourantine, by Jonah Howe, and sent across to Prince Edward's Island. All traces of him since have been lost."

The greatest difficulty that an artist has in drawing crowds is to get them to sit.

DAY LILIES.

BY HARRIET M'EWEN KIMBALL.

O summer day,
Delay! delay!
One waving of thy brooding wing,
One stirring of thy hazy wing,
And noontide light and heat,
Will find my dewy shadow-lair,
And burn the coolness from the grasses
That swathe my feet
In rank and billowy masses;
And to this clustral twilight bring
The sun's profanest glare.

O summer day,
Delay! delay!
Let naked hill and bare brown field
Parch in thy torrid ray,
So this dim nook be unrevealed,
Where I,
Deliciously concealed,
Among the lilies lie.
The delicate day lilies!
The white and wonderful lilies!
My dark-green haunt so still is—
The wildest birdling dare not sing,
Nor insect beat a gossamer wing,
Nor zephyr lift the lightest thing—
Here, where the lustrous lilies,
The clear, resplendent lilies,
Pour out their heavenly-sweet perfume,
And with their snowiness,
In clusters chaste, illumine
This dusk recess.

Soft-footed Silence, royal nun!
In this thy humble, emerald cell
For ever dwell!
These flowers supernal ever shine,
Pure-flamed, before thy virgin shrine!
Here, one by one,
Tell o'er thy glistening, royal beads,
A rosary strung on tangled weeds,
And blades and stems that intertwist.
The breath of lilies be thy prayers,
Sweet-odored, wafted unawares
Up through the morning's lucent airs
And evening's pallid mist!
The glittering stars shall o'er thee pass,
Deep-pillowed in the heavy grass;
These broad, smooth lily-leaves shall be
A glossy coverlet for thee;
Thy prayers and penance done,
O royal nun!
By day or night,
In dark or light,
Thy fragrant shrine shall be the same;
These slender tapers, lambent still,
Nor blazing sun, nor mildew o'ill,
Shall quench their alabaster flame.

A gleam, as of a crystal wand!
And day peers in with curious face;
The jealous sunshine, stealing round,
Doth warily chase
The cool, dank shadows on the ground.
The cloister-walls no longer stand;
A garish glory fills the space
And lights the lush grass, loose and long;
While startled by the wild birds' song,
Soft-footed Silence flees apace;
But still serene the lilies shine,
Pure-flamed, before her ruined shrine!

Don't be too Quick!

By J. W. Watson.

I SAID this to my friend Searle, after he had been detailing to me some difficulties under which he was laboring, the first being the loss of money, and the second a suspicion that one whom he very much liked was the thief. The story was this:

Searle kept an establishment where he manufactured certain goods, and attached was an office, where oftentimes they were sold to transient customers who paid in cash. This cash was always entered upon a salesbook, then put in the money-drawer, from whence it was taken every day on the closing of the office. Of late much of this money had been missing, and in spite of every effort to find out the appropriators, the thievery still went on.

"I am willing to suffer the loss of the money," said Searle, "though it is no small amount, nearly three hundred dollars to this time; but it is the idea that I have a thief about me, that is the trouble."

"And there is nobody comes about the money-drawer, or has the taking of money, you say, but Dale?"

"Not a soul could have a chance but he and myself, and ever since I took him into the office as book-keeper and confidential clerk, the money has been going so, though I had previously trusted him for eight years in every way, and never found a penny wrong."

"It may be, perhaps," I answered, "that the temptation of having money always open to him has been too much of a temptation, but don't be too quick! I know you would rather lose thousands than accuse any one wrongfully."

"That is exactly what has kept me back; but still the circumstances are powerfully against him. At first when I trusted the money, always in bills, the gold and silver would not be asked, though I have often marked it to me. I told him of it, and he seemed very much troubled, but afterwards I have said nothing, and have watched. I must say there is nothing to justify my suspicion, except that he has full access to the money-drawer."

"Well," I said, "I will tell you a little incident that occurred to myself some years ago, that made a wonderful impression on my mind, and will always act towards making me give the advice I am

now giving, which is never to convict on circumstantial evidence, unless there is something positive to back it."

"Soon after I first commenced business I was sitting in my room one night, and counting out and sorting a large amount of money, some of which was to deposit in bank next day, and some to pay bills, etc. While I was doing this a knock came to the door, and at my response there came in an old friend and schoolmate of mine, Sam Nichols. I had always been on terms of the closest intimacy with Sam, and at that very time was thinking of giving him a confidential position in my business, having great faith in him, though he seemed to be unfortunate in getting on in the world, lacking the energy to push into place and position, though when he was once in, serving zealously and faithfully."

"This evening he came in to say that he had an opportunity of becoming cashier for a mercantile house of high reputation, and had come to me for a letter of recommendation. I was delighted to give it to him, for the position was much better than what I could offer, and I was sincerely desirous of seeing Sam do well. While he was asking me this I was still busily sorting my money and laying it in different heaps about the table. Among it was one five hundred dollar bill on a New York bank, which I laid separate, intending to keep it for an especial purpose."

"I got up from the table and crossed the room to my desk, where I wrote the letter, while in the meantime Sam read one of the books that lay upon the table. When the letter was written I handed it to Sam, who, apologizing for having come in on me when I was busy, and saying that he would not stop to interrupt me farther, went away, as I thought, abruptly."

"Sam was scarcely out of the house when, in putting up my money in packages, I missed the five hundred dollar bill. I jumped as though I had been shot, and instantly ran through my money again. It was not there! Then I searched the floor—it might have been blown down by the shutting of the door, for the windows were not open and no other air could have been made. No! Then to take everything from the table and make a thorough examination. I put the loose books up in the library and searched every paper and scrap about it, but without success. All this time there was a sickening sensation about me, and I could not bear to give it up. I lighted every gas-burner in the room, and examined every cranny and every corner and everything that had the most remote possibility of success, and then when morning was about dawning I sat down, and thought of Sam Nichols as a thief! I could not afford to lose five hundred dollars, but I cared very little for the money alongside of the idea that I must look on and remember my old schoolfellow in that way. As to prosecuting him, though my evidence would have convicted, I never thought of it; but the most fearful thing for me to contemplate was whether it was my duty to make the thing known and to openly accuse him of the crime, or whether I had better bury the knowledge in my own bosom and be content with shaking him off abruptly, leaving his own conscience to tell him the cause."

"I chose the last course, and went about my business without mentioning my loss to any one, feeling all the time as though I had an unhealed wound in my breast. I had given my servants instructions that whenever Mr. Nichols called I was never in, no matter how desirous he may be to see me, and at my office I issued the same orders, telling the clerks that even if he saw me in my private office he was to be told that I would not see him."

"About a week after this I was almost driven crazy to hear that Nichols had got the situation for which he had applied, and that it was my letter that got it for him. The idea was a horrible one to me. The letter was written with almost faltering praise, and must of course have had great weight. What could I do now? I had my choice, either to make it a matter of duty to go to his employers and tell my story, or let him go on, and as a consequence rob them, as he had me. After a day of consideration, I chose neither, but determined on what I thought was a middle course, which was to get a friend, who, while being intimate with me, was particularly so with the house that had employed Nichols, to go to them, and while telling the story to ask from them a suspension of opinion until something more positive could be known. It was a vain idea, and I may as well have attempted to quench a burning building with a pint of water. Just one week afterwards I heard of the discharge of Nichols, and within a month that he had left the city, nobody seemed to know exactly how or where."

"A year passed over, and one night I was sitting alone in my room, reading, or rather attempting to read, that I might drive away a feeling of gloom that was over me, and an unpleasant recurrence to all the unpleasant things that happened to me in a lifetime. Among those things that came up was that of Nichols, and having once flashed across my mind I could not seem to dismiss it. I tried first one book and then another, and finally took down from the shelves a volume of Browning that had been almost a stranger to me. The instant I did it I felt the shiver I saw that something was up, and I felt a ver. I turned it to the light, and again a shudder passed off from its varnished side—five hundred dollar bill!"

"Now, shall I forget the effect of that moment? It was the most terrible shock I had ever received. I saw the whole thing in an instant. I had taken down that volume of Browning upon the very night that Nichols was in the room, and that was the book he was reading while I was writing the letter. In his haste to receive the letter he had laid the book down upon the \$500 bill, and covered it. I, not seeing the bill, had laid the book aside, and the bill had clung to the cover, and when I had put all the books upon the shelves,

that I might look for the bill, I had put this among the rest."

"This night was a longer one than that upon which I was searching for the lost money. All I thought of now was to seek Sam Nichols, if he was still alive, and do him justice. This was no easy matter, and was only accomplished after a delay of about two months, for Sam had gone off South; but when it was done, and Sam Nichols once more sat in that room with me, I told him the whole story, and implored pardon for my share in it, a pardon that was instantly granted."

"He never knew anything about it more than he saw and heard that I avoided him, and was disposed to cast him off, and he supposed the cause must be from his discharge, though he did not know for what he was discharged."

"I did the best I could for Sam Nichols, and though I could not reinstate him in his old position, I could give him the situation I originally intended for him, and go to his employers and relate the solution of the lost money. I have never forgiven myself for my want of faith in Sam, and from that day of justification until now I have never lost sight of the chance to do Sam Nichols some good, as a small compensation for the injury I did him."

Searle rubbed his hands over my story and went away without a word. I did not see him again for nearly three weeks, though I often thought of the matter, and was anxious to hear of its unraveling. At last one day he rushed into my private office, with signs of high excitement on his face, and speaking in a rapid tone, said:

"It's all out! The thief is discovered! Now who do you think it was?"

I was glad to know by his way of speaking that it was not Dale, but I did not venture to guess.

"I'll tell you the story," he said, after waiting a moment; "it will be a very short one. I found it necessary to make some alterations in the office, and I had to remove the desk, which, as you remember, connected with the wall. In so doing the drawers were all taken out, but in removing the one next the cash drawer—which has not been open for a year before—we heard the squeak of a mouse in mortal agony. We could not stop, of course, for Mrs. Mouse, and the result was that, in pulling the drawer entirely out, the lady, who proved to be the mother of an interesting family of six, was executed even unto death. In one of the back compartments of the drawer she had made her nest, and was raising her family, with my money. She had stolen it piece by piece, and had only met retributive justice for the theft. I have got it all back except about fifty dollars, which has been so mutilated that it is impossible to put it together. And now, my dear fellow, let me thank you for your story, for without it I should have been too quick, and would now have to regret that I called poor Dale a thief, when I really believe him as honest a man as there is in the world."

POINT ISABEL, TEXAS.

OUR Artist sends a sketch of a point memorable for the landing of Gen. Banks and his forces, who reentered almost from oblivion this spot so distinguished in the history of the Mexican war, as the place where Gen. Taylor began his operations. The chimneys standing, bare and tall, mark the ruins of the headquarters of that noble old soldier, who little dreamed, as he looked up to the flag of his country, his own son would fight against it with a deadly hate that the Mexican never felt.

BROWN'S FERRY ON THE TENNESSEE.

WE conclude our series of illustrations of the interesting scenery around Chattanooga, of the spots made for ever memorable by the gallantry of our noble armies, with a sketch of Brown's ferry, on the Tennessee. The Dunbar, the creek steamer of the river, is passing through the pontoon bridge, while in the background Lookout mountain rears its craggy height in solemn grandeur, as though conscious of its low rank among the eternal hills.

GEN. RICHARD STODDARD EWELL,
O. S. A.

THE successor of Gen. Jackson, though unequal to that capable officer, is a remarkable man, and like Lee, Jackson, Johnson and Magruder, one of the Virginians who sealed the doom of their State and of the South by joining the rebellion, and giving it their influence and military skill. Gen. Ewell was born in the district of Columbia, in 1820; received a military education from the United States, graduating in 1840; received, like Pleasanton, a brevet of Second Lieutenant in the 1st Dragoons. He was made First Lieutenant in Sept., 1845; breveted Captain for gallantry at Contreras and Churubusco; Captain in August, 1849, and after distinguishing himself in the Indian wars in New Mexico, resigned his commission, May 7th, 1861, to accept commission of Brig.-Gen. in the rebel army. He was at the battle of Blackburn's Ford, July 18, 1861, and was soon made Major-General. He was long second in command to Jackson, and in Pope's campaign was defeated by Hooker at Brim's station, August 27th, 1862, and lost a leg at the second battle of Bull Run. On recovering he resumed his command, although he has to be supported to his horse. When Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville, Ewell succeeded him, but has not since distinguished himself.

THE INTERIOR OF THE MONITOR
MONTAUK.

ALL have heard of the monitors, and are aware of their exterior appearance. The character of the interior, however, is not so familiar to the eye as the exterior. Few, however, have been able to descend into one, or visit the interior arrangements. The series of pictures which we give will enable all to see what they are within. The sketches of the Montauk, now off Charleston, were made with great care by our special Artist, by express permission of Admiral Dahlgren. While without all seems smooth and clear, giving little idea of immense strength, we see within the complicated works employed to move the vessel and to protect her crew. The interior of the turret shows the two immense guns and their

apparatus: the iron wall with its frequent bolts, one of which in another vessel did such fatal injury to the gallant Rodgers. The view under the turret gives a better idea than words will do of the machinery which, propelled by an engine for the purpose, revolves the immense turret on its braced rail. A smaller one shows the system of brakes, by which these revolutions are guided. The port-hole is also shown separately, and the sight-hole, at one of which Lieut. Worden was so badly injured.

The cabin and wardroom need no explanation. The anchor-well, the windlass and the pilot-house with the group of instruments complete the series of sketches. The entrance to the shellroom gives an idea of the strength of that department; but the whole interior is divided by very strong and watertight walls, in important places closing with heavy iron doors that can seal up the rooms hermetically.

REV. O. B. FROTHINGHAM'S CHURCH,
FORTIETH STREET, NEW YORK.

THE Third Congregational Unitarian Society (Rev. O. B. Frothingham), having completed their church edifice on West Fortieth street, between Fifth and Sixth avenues, we give a sketch of their neat and creditable edifice. The Rev. Mr. Frothingham is one of the most eloquent and popular of the Unitarian clergymen of the city, and the congregation very select and refined.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A WIT AT HIS CENSUS RETURN.—An eccentric genius in Inverness, who lives in a house which he calls a castle, gave the following answers to the queries in his census paper. Under the heading "Domestic servants, lodgers and visitors," he wrote:

"Plenty of mice, and lots of rats,
A nice young dog, and two young cats."
Under the head "Age," was written:
"I will not swear that I am fifty,
Though growing old and also thrifty."

His castle he describes as consisting of "one room, one window, one door and 30 airholes." Happy man! He is evidently a philosopher as well as a wit.

SCENE IN A POLICE COURT.—A youth named Daniel O'Brien, whose cadaverous face and trembling limbs showed that he had passed a sleepless night, was brought before the court on a charge of stealing two cucumbers from the shop of one Watson. The court said that a fine of \$2 would be sufficient to satisfy the vengeance of the law, and the sentences produced a remonstrance from the lad.

"Good heaven, judge!" he said, "have I not suffered enough by eating what I stole?"

He rubbed his stomach as he spoke, and groaned as though still tender in that region.

The court said it was one of the penalties of sin.

"Penalties!" cried the lad; "if you had suffered as I did yesterday, you would think that you had pains as well as penalties. Hereafter, cucumbers and me are strangers. We don't agree."

O'Brien was suddenly taken with a spasm, and went off groaning.

The court didn't indulge in early vegetables, and it looked after the retreating O'Brien with a smile of compassion, beautifully blended with a pinch of snuff.

ON A PERPETUAL SINGER.

Miss Nancy sings so sweetly, oh!
'T would almost melt your heart, I know,
To hear the strains that sometimes flow
From her delicious lips.
I know it; for I hear her sing
The livelong day; her practising
Would make a bachelor's heartblood sting
His finger tips.

Miss Nancy sings more like a bird
Than any lass I ever heard;
But when she is by passion stirred
She is a little deeper.
I wish she were a bird (what rage!)
And I her birdship could engage,
I'd put Miss Nancy in a cage,
And there I'd keep her.

AN IRISH PILOT.—A merchant brig got a pilot on board on the south coast of Ireland to take her into Cork. It became stormy, and the pilot quit the reckoning.

"You're a pretty pilot, truly," said the captain, "not to know where we are."

"Och, my dear," replied the pilot, "show me the Old Head of Kinsale and I'll tell you where we are in an instant."

AN EXCUSE FOR SMOKING.—In one of our neighboring towns the lads of a school acquired the habit of smoking, and resorted to the most ingenious methods to conceal the vice from the master. In this they were successful, until one evening, when the master caught them at it, and stood before them in awful dignity.

"How now?" shouted the master to the first lad—"how dare you be smoking?"

"Sir," said the boy, "I am subject to headaches, and a pipe takes off the pain."

"And you and you?" inquired the pedagogue, questioning every boy in his turn.

One had a "raging tooth;" another "cholic;" the third, a "cough;" in short, they all had something.

"Now, sirrah," bellowed the master to the last boy, "what disorder do you smoke for?"

"Alas! all the excuses were exhausted; but the interrogated urchin, putting down his pipe after a farewell whiff, and looking up in his master's face, said in a whining, hypocritical tone, "Sir, I smoke for corns!"

The master looked at him for a moment in silence, and then walked home.

A CHICAGO paper gravely remarks that "the longer the present war lasts the more public opinion begins to settle down to the belief that it will by no means be a short one." The editor is quite firm in this belief.

In the story of the courtship of a loving couple, after all had been arranged and matters fixed up, the narrator says:

"Here their lips came together, and the report which followed was like pulling a horse's hoof out of the mite."

WHEN a late master of the Chapel Royal heard that a distinguished member of the musical profession had been hanged, he is said to have observed:

"I suppose it must be on the score of his merit, not on the merit of his score."

"It is not in brutes that we find most humanity."

"Don't touch me, or I'll scream!" as the engine whistle said to the stoker.

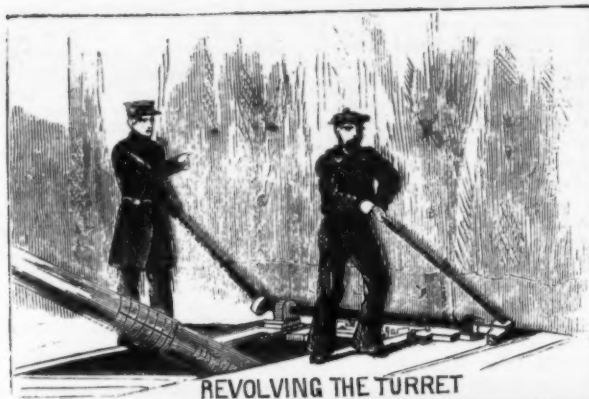
The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

It is often a nobler work to conquer a doubt than a rebout.

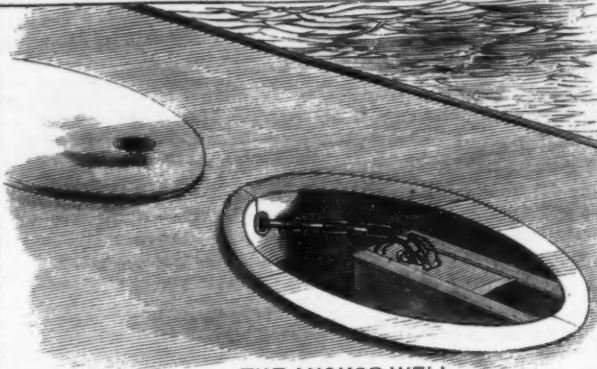
ALL our laws would seem to be bankrupt laws; they are broken every day!

The worst of all kinds of eyewater is a coquette's tears.

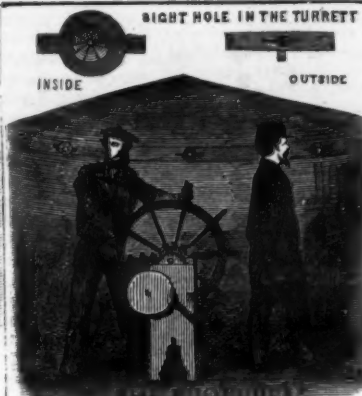
We are never satisfied that a lady understands a kiss unless we have it from her own mouth.



REVOLVING THE TURRET



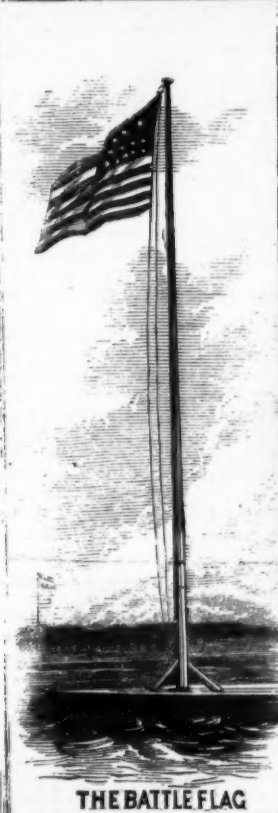
THE ANCHOR WELL



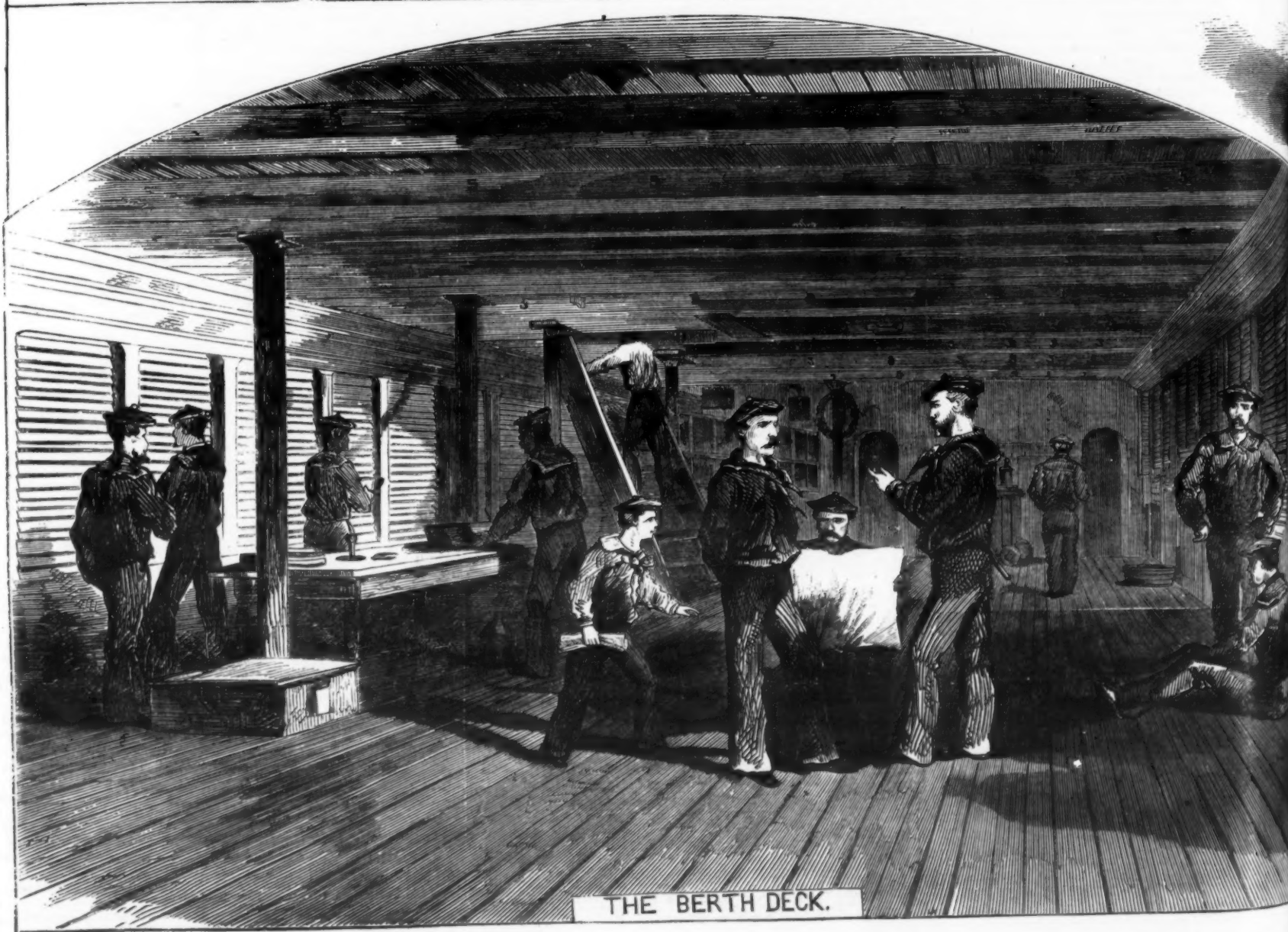
PORT HOLE
MUZZLE OF



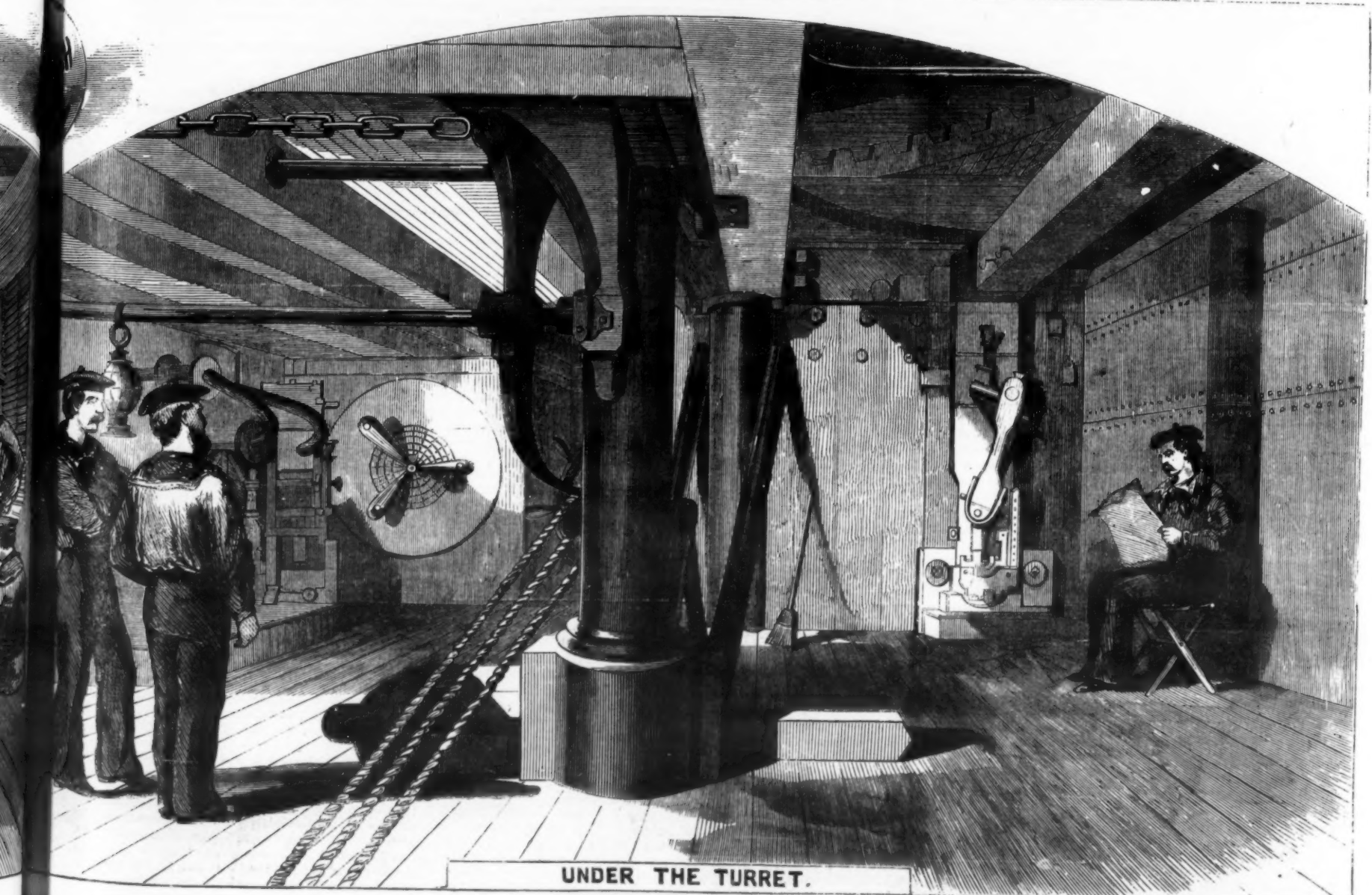
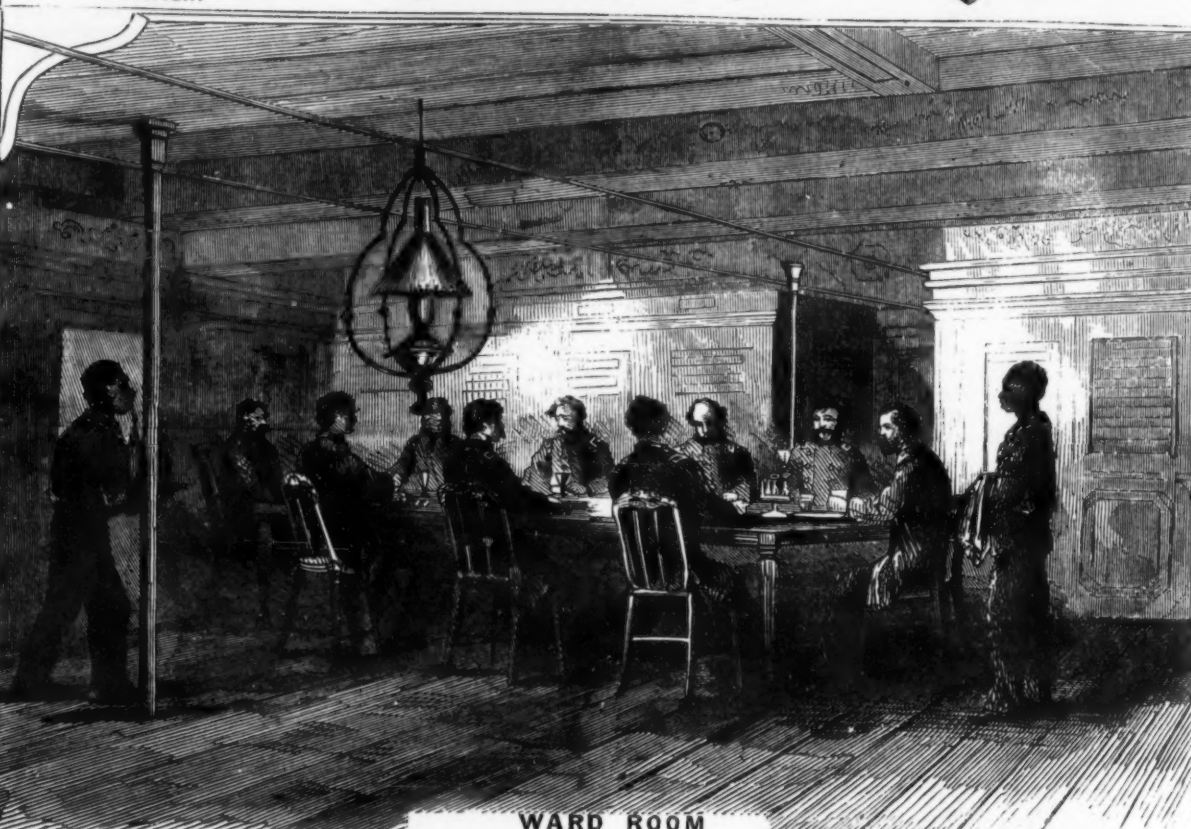
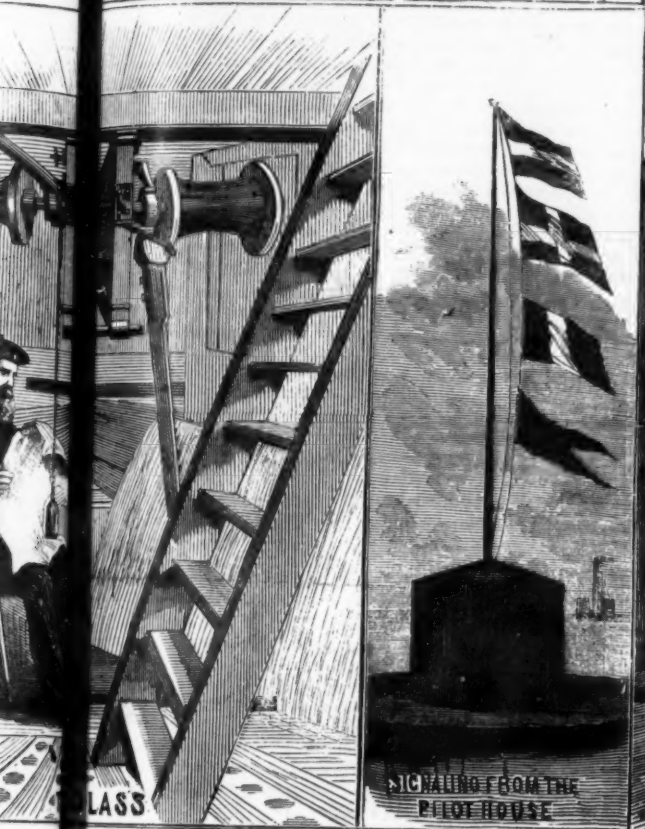
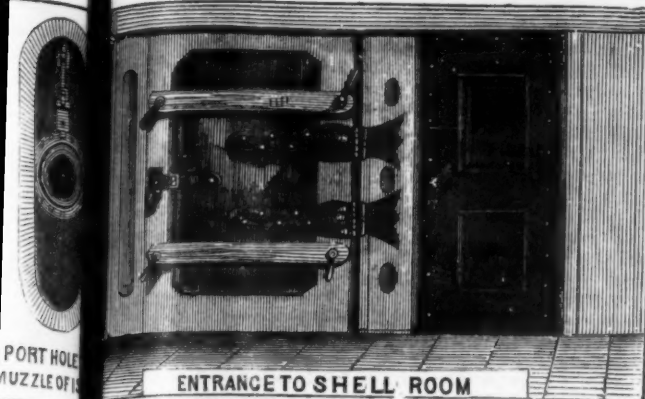
THE CABIN.



THE BATTLE FLAG



THE BERTH DECK.



THE POET BORN, NOT MADE.

A quiet thinker of sweet thoughts, I waver
Among my dreams, clothing them evermore
With form and flavor;
But Hope, who calls delight for me,
Tuned oftentimes into poetry,
Imbues with her soft light the loving lore
Contented men adore.

And though a mean-clad Fortune oft doth set her
Hard hand upon the singing robe I wear,
I deem it better;
Content am I that she shall fling
Her shadows o'er the songs I sing;
For she and her twin children, Joy and Care,
Have lent the lute I bear.

Past hours, with all the holier thoughts I treasure,
Move onward to the melody they make,
Flowering to pleasure.
And I linked myself and these,
To love in many melodies;
And I have sworn to sing for singing's sake,
Until my heart should break!

Thoughts that reseek the bosom whence they flutter,
Laughter and tears that mingle as they flow,
Feelings that utter
Music my heart and soul contain,
Take form and substance in my brain,
Uttering, in sounds of sweetness evermore,
All I have known and know.

When the heart listens and the blood rejoices,
Where Beauty broodeth by herself, and sings—
When unknown voices,
Sow o'er the melancholy hours
Music that springs like grass and flowers—
When Fancy feels the sunlight on her wings—
I am the guest of kings!

Without the Titan world, its truth or error,
Like a lost brooklet, busily I steal;
Living to mirror
My quiet nights, and home-bred days
In simple rhymes and roundelays,
Which harbor sweet sounds if they reveal
Half I have felt and feel!

THE GULF BETWEEN THEM.

BY

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Continued from page 315.)

He had loved her, he did love her, and the only reason she was, as he supposed, ignorant of the humiliating story of his past, was because he had put it resolutely out of his mind; and it hurt his pride too much to go over the detail of the deceit and treachery from which he had suffered, even in his own thoughts.

Elsie's absence was prolonged to a fortnight, and when she returned, Mrs. Harrington and Tom Fuller came back with her.

The girl was in more joyous spirits than ever; more bewitching and beautiful, if possible; and Elizabeth could see plainly that Mellen's love for her fell little short of absolute idolatry.

She was not jealous. If Elsie had been her own sister, she could not have become more attached to her than she had grown during their years of companionship. But it was very hard to see of what love her husband was capable, and to remember that no part of it could be won to make sunshine for her; that between her soul and his rose the image of that false woman, whose treachery had burned his heart to ashes.

Tom Fuller was a more hopeless lunatic than ever; but Elsie had begun to grow impatient of his devotion. She often treated him cruelly now, and the poor fellow bore it all meekly, and still clung to his beautiful dream, unable to realize that it was a baseless delusion, which must pass away with the summer that had warmed it to its prime.

The weeks passed on with all-seeming pleasantness, and in many respects they were so to both husband and wife, though the secret thoughts in the minds of both, kept them aloof from the perfect rest and happiness to which they had looked forward during their brief courtship.

But a sudden change and a great break were nearing their lives, and unexpectedly enough it came.

Mellen owned a large mining property in California, an immense fortune in itself, and ever since his return from Europe he had been much occupied with a lawsuit that had sprung up concerning the title. He had sent out his man of business, but things did not go on satisfactorily, and letters came for him which made his presence there appear absolutely imperative.

He could not take his wife and sister; the discomforts to which they would be exposed, the dreadful fears where Elsie was concerned, from her apparent delicacy, entirely prevented the idea.

He informed them that he might be obliged to go; he had written other letters by the steamer; the answer he received would decide.

Elizabeth pleaded to go with him, but Elsie frankly owned that she could not even think of a sea voyage without deadly horror. Mellen pointed out to his wife the impossibility of her taking the journey, the necessity there was that she should remain with Elsie, and she submitted in silence.

"He married me to take care of her," she thought; "I will do my duty—I will stay. Perhaps this absence will change him; but no, I am mad to hope it. Elsie says he never changes. That woman's memory must always lie between his heart and mine." So she turned to her dull weary path of duty, and gave no sign.

CHAPTER VII.

OCTOBER comes, and scarcely four months after his marriage, Mellen was compelled to leave his wife and home, it might be for a year. Elizabeth grew white and cold when this certainty was forced upon her, yet she made no protestation, and uttered nothing like regret or complaint. Grantley was chilled through and through the heart by this. He had been so lonely, had longed for the warmth and happiness of love with such intense yearnings, that her calm stillness wounded him terribly. Was she of marble? Would nothing kindle affection in that proud heart? Had he married a beautiful statue?

No wonder Elizabeth was proudly cold. She did not believe in the necessity of this journey. His indifference had fast grown into dislike, she thought, and now, yielding to inevitable repulsion, he was going away to avoid her.

But Elsie was loud in her expressions of grief. She had floods of tears to give—protestations and caresses without end. Her sweet voice was constantly reproaching Elizabeth for want of feeling. She was forever hovering about her brother in atonement, as she said, for his wife's coldness. But the roses on her cheek were always fresh, and her blue eyes never lost a gleam of their brightness, while Elizabeth grew thin and white beneath the withering ache of a famished heart.

"Oh, the desert of these months! Oh, my God, my God, I shall perish without him! Alone here—all alone with this child—what will become of me! How shall I endure, how resist this wild clamor of the heart?"

Elizabeth had flung herself upon the couch in her own room, her face was buried in the purple cushion, and she strove to smother the anguish of these words, which sprang out of a terrible pain which had no business in that young heart. As she lay, convulsed and sobbing, on the couch, the door opened, and her husband came into the room. The thick carpet smothered his footsteps, and he stood by the couch before she knew it—stood there a moment, then fell upon his knees, and softly wound his arm around her.

"Elizabeth, my wife."

She started up with a cry; her face was wet with tears; her large gray eyes wild with sorrow. He lifted her to his bosom, put back the thick waves of hair that had fallen over her face, and kissed her forehead and her lips with gentle violence.

The pride went out from her heart as she felt these passionate kisses rained on her face. She clung to him, trembling from the new joy that possessed her.

"Is it for me that you are weeping, sweet wife? are you sorry to part with me?"

"Oh, yes, yes! you are my life, my salvation."

"Ah, how hard you make it for me to go!"

"And you must?"

"It is inevitable; my duty to others demands it; but it shall not be for long."

The door of Elsie's boudoir was opened, the curtains held back, and the smiling young creature looked in. Elizabeth saw her, struggled out of her husband's arms, and sat with the wet eyelashes sweeping her cheek, which was hot with blushes.

"Oh, ho! one too many, am I?" she cried, entering without ceremony. "Why, sister Bessie, I haven't seen you blush so since that day when Mrs. Harrington would insist on it that you recognized a certain person."

Elizabeth was so confused by the sudden rush of joy sweeping through her whole being, that she did not remark this speech; but her husband did, and withdrew his arm gently from her support. She looked up, and saw that he was changed within the minute.

"I'm glad to find you looking so amiable," said Elsie, going up to the glass, and threading her curls out into a beautiful confusion of hair; "for I've thought of something that would make this place delightful, just as you are going away, Grant. Besides," she added, looking down and coloring a little, "people will get such ideas into their heads, and say such things. It is quite necessary to let them see how very happy you and Bessie are together, or they never will believe that you are not running away from her."

"What!" demanded Mellen almost sternly,—"What are you saying, Elsie?"

"Oh, it's dreadful; I've been crying about it half the night; but a splendid ball, or something of that sort, will put every thing on velvet. Nothing like champagne and the *cetera* to stop people's mouths."

"A ball! Why, Elsie, what is your mind running on?"

"The idea is dreadful, I know; and just as you are leaving us, when every moment is precious as a grain of gold. But it's really necessary. If you go off without seeing people, Grant, they will be sure to say that you and Bessie have quarrelled, and all sorts of horrid things about her being melancholy, and you—well it's no use repeating these speeches, but the ball we must have. Bessie shall entertain them like a princess; as for poor little me, I'm good for nothing but dancing."

She gave a waltzing step or two, and whirled herself before the mirror again.

"Well, who shall we invite?" she said, gazing at the pretty image that smiled back her admiration. "I made out a list this morning in my room; shall I bring it?"

She ran into her room and came out again with a handful of engraved cards, some of them already filled in.

"I knew, of course, that the ball was to be, so had the cards struck off. Tom Fuller brought them down. Just add what names you please, Bessie, and we will leave the rest to Mrs. Harrington."

"Why, Elsie!" began Mrs. Mellen.

"Well, what is it?"

"How can you think of—"

"Oh, it's settled, so don't discuss it. What! looking cross! Why, Grant dear, I—did not think you would be offended."

"But I am, Elsie."

She dropped into a chair, pressed both hands to her side, and shrunk away into a pained, feeble little thing, that had been crushed by a single blow.

"Why, Elsie?"

Her eyes filled with tears, and she covered them with both hands.

"I am not angry, child, only surprised."

"But you will be—you will be very angry when I tell you that some of the invitations are sent out. Oh, I wish I were dead!"

Her lips quivered like those of a grieved and half-frightened child. Her cheeks were wet, and their color had left them.

"Oh, Grantley, Grantley, don't—don't look at me in that way. Dear Bessie, tell him how sorry I am."

Mellen was walking the floor in considerable agitation. He had hoped for a little peace in his own home—a few days of tranquil confidence with his wife. Now every thing was broken in upon. There would be nothing but confusion up to the very hour of his starting.

Elsie watched him furtively, and with sidelong glances. She knew how terrible his anger was when once aroused.

"Oh, if my poor mother had lived."

"Peace, Elsie! I will not have that sacred name dragged into an affair like this. Have your way, but remember it is the last time that you must venture on the prerogatives of my wife."

Elsie left the room really frightened, and sobbing piteously, but the moment she found herself in her boudoir a smile broke through her tears, and she laughed out.

"Well, I don't care, we shall have the ball. I wonder if Bessie put him up to that. Hateful thing, he never scolded me so before. Her prerogatives, indeed."

As for Grantley Mellen, this untoward intrusion had broken up the happy moment which might have given him an insight into all that his wife felt and suffered. The interview which had promised such gentle confidence only ended in mutual irritation.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE evening of the ball arrived; the house was crowded with all the guests it would hold, and for the scores it was impossible to accommodate, Mellen had made arrangements in his usual lavish way to be conveyed back and forth in a steamer chartered for the occasion.

The old house was a beautiful sight that evening. The long suite of drawing-rooms were flung open, and in the far distance a noble conservatory, half greenness, half crystal, terminated the view like some South Sea island flooded with moonlight.

It was not alone that these noble rooms were shaded with richly-tinted draperies, and filled with costly furniture; any wealthy man's house may offer those things; but Mellen had thrown his fine individual taste into the adornments of his home. Antique and modern statues gleamed out of the general luxuriousness. Pictures that made your breath come unsteadily broke up the walls, and groups of bronze gave you surprises at every turn. The works of art, sometimes arrayed in one long dreary gallery, were here scattered in nooks and corners, completing each room with their beauty.

And all this was kindled up into one brilliant whole. There was no crowding in those rooms. Each rare object had its peculiar light and appropriate space. A master mind had arranged every thing.

In these almost palatial saloons Elizabeth stood by her husband, receiving their guests as they came in.

Elsie was in her most brilliant spirits that night, and her buoyant gaiety formed a singular contrast with the quiet repose of Elizabeth's manner.

Tom Fuller followed her about everywhere in spite of the cruel rebuffs he received, for he was sadly in her way that night; and when she had refused to dance with him, peremptorily ordering him away to entertain dowagers, or perform any similar heavy work, he would take the post she ordered, and watch her with frantic eyes as she floated down the dance or practised her wiles on every man who approached, just as she had once thought it worth while to entrance him.

On that evening Tom Fuller woke to a consciousness of the truth; he understood the confusion and bewilderment which had been in his mind for weeks past; he saw that he loved this bright young creature with the whole force of his rugged nature, and he began dimly to comprehend that she cared no more for him or his sufferings than if his heart had been a football or shuttlecock.

He captured Elizabeth, and there, in the midst of the lights and gaiety, he told her of his wrongs, and with such energy that it required her constant effort to prevent him from attracting general attention.

"I love her," he burst out, "I do love her! She might run my heart through with a rusty bayonet, if she would only care for me."

The beginning was not at all coherent, but Elizabeth perfectly understood what he meant. Several times during the past weeks she had attempted to open his eyes to the truth, but he would neither see nor hear, and had insisted upon rushing on to his fate like a great blundering bluebottle into a spider's web.

"Do you think there's any hope, Bessie, do you? I ain't handsome, and I ain't rich; but I'll give her all my heart! I'll work for her, die for her; I'd lay my own soul down for her to walk over, only to keep her little feet dry, upon my honor I would."

Elizabeth drew him into a window recess and tried to soothe his agitation.

"Poor old Tom!" she whispered; "poor dear old Tom!"

"I know what that means," he said, choking desperately; "you don't think there is any hope. You know there is not!"

"I have tried to talk to you, Tom, but you wouldn't listen—"

"Yes, I know, I know! It's my own fault—I'll—I'll turn up jolly in a little while—it's only the first that's hard!"

And Tom blew and whistled in his efforts to keep his composure, in a way that was irresistibly ludicrous. In the midst of his distress the poor fellow could not help being comical. Even in the suffering which was so terribly real to him, he made Elizabeth smile.

"I'm a great, long fool!" he exclaimed. "Just pitch in and abuse me like smoke, Bessie, I think it would do me good."

"Only wait till to-morrow," she said, "I will talk with you then—we shall be overheard now."

"Oh, I can't help it if the whole world hears," he groaned; "I can't wait! The way she's going on with those dashing young fellows drives me mad! Why couldn't I have been a dashing fellow too, instead of such a great live-oak hulk! I can't stir without stumbling over somebody, and as for saying those dainty things, I can't do it. No wonder she scorns me!"

Tom dealt his unfortunate forehead a blow that made it scarlet for several moments, and cooled him down somewhat.

"What would you advise me to do, Bessie?" he asked. "You're so sensible and so good—just give a fellow a hint."

"Dear Tom, there is nothing for it but to wait—"

"That's pretty advice!" he burst in. "You might as well tell a person in a blaze of fire to wait! No, I shan't wait—I shan't, I say!"

Tom ran his hands through his hair till it stood up as if he had received an electric shock.

"Oh, you needn't look so black at me, Bessie; I know just what a humbug I am as well as you."

"I wasn't looking black at you; I am very, very sorry, Tom."

"Don't pity me; I shall break right down if you do."

"I must go back, Tom," she said; "I can't stay here any longer."

"I know it; of course you can't. I'll just wait a minute and then—there, go! What a nuisance I am!"

Elizabeth went back into the ball-room, where she saw Elsie whirling through a waltz, looking as happy and unconscious as if she had not just crushed a warm, loving human heart under her pretty foot.

Mrs. Mellen stood a moment arrested; no one seemed to heed her.

She saw Mrs. Harrington facing Mellen to walk through a quadrille, and felt certain that he was as listless as herself.

"But it is for Elsie," she thought; "he will not mind so long as it is for her. None of them will miss me."

Tom Fuller stood in the bay window for some time trying to collect his scattered faculties. Any thing like rational thought was quite out of the question with him; he felt as if a great humming-top were spinning about in his ears, and his heart was in a state of palpitation that utterly defies description.

Finally he passed through the drawing-rooms where people were busy over their cards or their small-talk, and entered the ball-room from which he had rushed in such frenzy.

There was a pause in the music, and Elsie was standing surrounded by a group of gentlemen, not even seeing Tom as he approached. He managed to edge himself into the circle at last, and stood watching Elsie very much like a sheep-dog that wanted dreadfully to worry something, but knew that he would get himself into difficulty if he even ventured on a bark.

But speak with her he must; Tom had reached that point where his feelings must find vent or explode, and scatter mischief all around.

Finally a brilliant idea struck him, and he got near enough to whisper—

"Bessie wants to see you a moment."

Elsie turned away impatiently.

"Now, this moment," added Tom, growing very red at his own fib, but followed it up courageously.

He knew very well that the dandies were quizzing him; he saw that Elsie was provoked; but though he trembled in every joint, and his face had heat enough in it to have kept a poor family comfortably warm from the reflection, he resolutely held out his arm, and the young lady absolutely took it.

"My sister wants me," she said, in explanation to her admirers. "Tiresome, isn't it? for there is no guessing when she will let me come back."

Tom led her away, but he was dreadfully frightened at the success of his own manoeuvre.

"Where is Bessie?" asked Elsie, impatiently, as they walked down the ball-room.

"This way," faltered Tom; "we shall find her in a moment."

Elsie never deigned him another word; she was very angry, as she could be with any thing or anybody that marred her selfish enjoyment, and Tom walked on towards one of the parlors which he knew was empty, feeling like a man about to charge a battery single handed, but determined to persevere nevertheless.

They reached the little parlor, and Elsie looked about in surprise—there was not a soul visible.

"Are you crazy, Tom Fuller?" cried she; "Bessie is not here."

"She—shall be here in a minute," stammered Tom; "just wait, please."

"Indeed I will do no such thing," returned Elsie, sharply, snatching her hand from his arm. "Did she send you for me, Tom Fuller?"

"No," cried Tom, with sudden energy, "I told a lie! I couldn't stand it any longer; I must speak with you; I wouldn't wait."

Elsie turned on him like a little kingbird darting on a hawk.

"What do you mean by this unwarrantable liberty?" she exclaimed.

"Have you no idea of the common usages of society? Don't come near me again to-night; don't speak to me."

She was darting away, but Tom caught her hand.

"Oh, wait, Elsie, wait!" he cried.

"You ridiculous creature!" said Elsie, beginning to laugh in spite of her vexation. "What on earth do you want?"

"Laugh at me!" groaned Tom; "I deserve it—I expect it—but I can't live this way any longer! You are driving me crazy. I love you, Elsie! Only speak one kind word—just say you don't hate me."

He was holding out his two hands, and looking exceedingly energetic in his wretchedness, that Elsie burst into perfect shrieks of laughter.

"You silly old goose!" said she; "don't you know you mustn't talk in that way to me! You have no right, and it is very impertinent! There, go along—I forgive you."

Tom stared at her with his astonished eyes wide open.

"You can laugh at me!" he exclaimed. "Why all these weeks you have let me go on loving you, and never hinted that I was so very disagreeable."

"Now, Tom, don't be tiresome!"

Tom groaned aloud.

"Why I never saw such conduct!" cried Elsie, impatiently. "It's too bad of you to behave so—you are spoiling my whole evening! You are just as disagreeable as you can be. Oh, I hate you!"

"Elsie! Elsie!"

"Let go my hand; suppose anybody should come in! Oh, you old goose of a Tom—let me go, I say."

"Just one minute, Elsie—"

"To-morrow—any time! Don't you know civilized beings never behave in this way at a ball."

"I don't know—I can't think! I only feel I love you, Elsie, and I must speak out. I will speak out."

A few weeks earlier Elsie would only have been amused at all this from general lack of amusement, but now it vexed and irritated her. Girl-like she had not the slightest pity on his pain. He was keeping her sorely against her wishes.

"I am served right for treating you as a friend," she said; "I looked upon you as a relation, and thought you understood it, and now you are trying to make me unhappy. Bessie will be angry, and tell Grant. Oh, you ought to be ashamed."

"I won't make you any trouble," shivered Tom; "I won't distress you! There—I beg your pardon, Elsie, I am sorry! And you don't—you never can, Elsie, Elsie—"

"No, no, you silly old fellow, of course not! Now be good, and I'll forget all about this folly. Let me go, Tom, I can't stay here any longer—let me go."

Tom still held her hand.

"This is earnest!" he said.

"Yes, yes! Tom, if you don't let me go I'll scream! You are absurd—why, you ought to be put in a straight jacket."

Tom dropped her hand, and stood like a man overpowered by some sudden blow.

Elsie only saw the comical side of the matter, and began to laugh again.

"Don't laugh," he said, passionately; "for God's sake, don't laugh!"

There was a depth of suffering in his tone which made itself felt even by that selfish creature; but it only made her begin to consider herself exceedingly ill-used, and to blame Tom for spoiling her pleasure.

"Now, you must to blame me," she said, angrily, "and I haven't done a thing to encourage you."

"No, no; I don't blame you, Elsie," he said; "it's all my own fault—all mine."

"Yes, to be sure," cried Elsie. "Who could think you would be so foolish. There, shake hands, Tom, for I'm in a hurry. You are not angry?"

"Angry—no," said Tom, drearily.

"That's right! Good-by—you'll be wiser to-morrow."

Elsie danced away, and Tom watched her float out of the room, and realized that she was floating out of his life forever, that the dream of the past was at an end, and there he was left alone in the darkness.

Poor old Tom! It was very hard, but no one could have resisted a smile at his appearance! When Elsie had left him, he dashed out of the room, and hid himself in the most out of the way corner he could find.

As he crossed the hall, he heard Elizabeth call—

"Tom, Tom!"

He stopped, and she came towards him. One look at his face revealed the whole truth. She did not speak, but took his hand in hers, with a mute expression of sympathy which overpowered him.

"Don't! don't!" he said. "Let me go, Bessie! I'm a fool—it's all over now! There, don't mind me—I'll be better soon! I've got a chance to go to Europe for awhile, in fact it's to Calcutta. I shall be all right when I come back."

"Oh, my poor old Tom! Elsie is a wicked girl to have trifled with you so."

"She didn't!" he exclaimed, indignantly. "Don't you go to blaming her. I won't have it. There's nobody in fault but me. I deserve it all! I'm a blundering, wrong-headed donkey, as I own!"

"But you won't go away, Tom?"

"Yes, I will. I shan't be gone but a few months. Don't try to keep me. I'll be right as a trivet when we meet again."

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" said Elizabeth.

"Now, be still; that's a good girl; I don't want to be pitted. It's of no consequence, not the slightest."

He broke abruptly away from her, and disappeared, leaving Elizabeth full of sympathy for his distress, and regret at the idea of losing her old playmate—she had depended on him so much during her husband's absence.

There had been a lull in the music, but it struck up again now, and the saloons reverberated with a stirring waltz. Elizabeth stood a moment listening to the crash of sound and the tread of light feet, but her heart was full and her brow anxious. She went to the window and looked out. It was a lovely night, and the eternal roll and sweep of the ocean seemed to depress her with some terrible dread. In all that splendid tumult she was alone. As she stood by the window her husband came down the hall smiling upon the lady who hung upon his arm. He had not missed her, would not miss her. There was no fear of that. She glided away with this dreary thought in her mind. Mellen almost touched her as she turned into a little room opening upon the conservatory, but she past on unnoticed.

Tom Fuller had retreated into the conservatory, and was sitting disconsolately in an iron garden chair, sheltered by a small tree, drooping with yellow fringe-like blossoms, when a lady entered from one of the side doors, and passed out towards the gardens.

Tom started up, and called out, "Bessie! Why, Bessie, is that you? What on earth—"

The lady made no response, but looked over her shoulder, and sprang forward like a deer, causing a tumult among the plants as she rushed through them.

Tom stood motionless, lost in amazement; for over a ball dress, which seemed white, he could discover nothing more. The lady was shrouded head and person, in a blanket shawl, which he knew to be Elizabeth's, from a broad crimson stripe that ran across it.

After his first amazement Tom sat down again, heaving a deep sigh, and retreating further behind the flowering branches, that no one might look upon his unmanly sorrow.

"Poor Bessie, poor thing," he muttered, "I suppose she feels just as I do, like a fish out of water, in all these fine doings. I'd follow her, and we'd take a melancholy walk together in the moonlight, if it was not that Elsie might happen to get tired of dancing with those fellows, and come in here to rest a minute, when I could hide away and look at her through the plants."

Tom had in reality startled the lady shrouded in that great travelling shawl, for once out of doors she stood full half a minute listening with bated breath, and one foot advanced, ready to spring away if any sound reached her. Then she walked on with less desperate haste, bending her course through the shrubberies towards a grove of trees that lay between the open grounds and the shore.

It was a balmy October evening, moonlight, but shadowed by hosts of white scudding clouds. The wind blew up freshly from the water, scattered storms of gorgeous leaves around her as she approached the grove which was still heavy with foliage, perfectly splendid in the sunlight, but now all shadows and blackness. On the edge of the grove, just under a vast old oak, whose great limbs scarcely swayed in the wind, the lady paused and uttered some name in a low, cautious voice.

A spark of fire flashed down among the leaves, as if some one had flung away his cigar in haste, and instantly footsteps rustled in the dead leaves. The branches of the oak bent low, and behind it was a thicket of young trees. The lady did not feel safe, even in the darkness, but moved on to meet the person who advanced in the deeper shadows, where even the edges of her white dress, which fell below the shawl, were lost to the eye.

As she stood panting in the shelter, a man's voice addressed her, and his hand was laid upon her shoulder.

"How you tremble!"

The voice sounded, in that balmy October night, sweet and mellow as the dropping of its over-ripe leaves. The female did indeed tremble violently.

"Look, look! I am followed," she whispered.

The man stepped a pace forward, peered through the oak branches, and stole cautiously to her side again.

"It is Mellen!"

She darted away, dragging her shawl from the grasp he had fastened upon it, away under the old oak, and along the outskirts of the grove. She paused a moment in breathless terror at the narrowest point of the lawn, then darted across it, huddling the skirt of her ball dress up with one hand, and sweeping the dead leaves in winrows after her with the fringes of her shawl. She avoided the conservatory, for Tom was still visible through its rolling waves of glass—and, turning to the servant's entrance, ran up a flight of dark stairs into the shaded lights of a chamber. She flung the heavy shawl breathlessly on a couch, shook the snowy masses of her dress into decorous folds, and stole to the window on tip-toe, where she stood, white and panting for breath, watching the lawn and grove, with wild, eager eyes, as if she feared her footsteps in the leaves might have been detected even in the darkness.

CHAPTER IX.

THE evening was passing drearily enough to Grantley Mellen. He was in no spirits for society and the gay bustle; the lights, the music, the constraint he was forced to put upon himself, and the cheerfulness he was obliged to assume, only wearied him.

A strange and unaccountable dread of his approaching journey possessed him. It had grown

stronger as the days passed on, and that night was more powerful than ever.

Sometimes he was almost ready to think it a warning; perhaps he was never to return from that voyage; some unseen danger awaited him in that distant land, and he should die there, far from the sound of every voice, the touch of every hand that was dear to him.

He was vexed with himself for indulging in these superstitious weaknesses; but, in spite of all his efforts, the thought would recur again and again, oppressing him with a dreary sense of desolation that made the brilliant scene around absolutely repulsive.

He slipped out of the lighted rooms at last, passed through the hall on to the piazza which looked over the sea.

It was a beautiful evening; the moonlight, escaping from under a bank of clouds, lay silvery and broad upon the lawn, blazed across the rippling waters, lighting them up to wonderful splendor, and transforming every object in its rays. The air was balmy and soft as spring, the wind ripples pleasantly among the trees, but there was no melody in its tone to his ear; it seemed only a repetition of the mournful warning which had been in his thoughts.

He walked on across the lawn, anxious to get beyond the sound of the music and gaiety which followed him from the house, and jarred upon his ears with deafening discordance.

He entered a little thicket of bushes and young trees, in the midst of which rose up a dark, funeral-looking cypress, that always waved its branches tremulously, however still the air might be, and seemed to be oppressed with a trouble which it could not utter.

As he stood there, looking into the gloom, with a sense of relief at finding some object more in unison with his dark thoughts, he saw a figure glide away from the foot of the cypress, and disappear in the shrubbery beyond.

It was a woman wrapped in some dark garment—it looked like Elizabeth—could it be his wife wandering about the grounds at that hour?

"Elizabeth!" he called; but there was no answer.

He hurried forward among the trees, but there was no object visible, no response to the summons he repeated several times.

It might be some guest who had stolen out there for a few minutes quiet; yet that was not probable. Besides, the movements of the slender form appeared familiar to him. In height and shape Elsie and Elizabeth resembled each other; it looked like one of them.

Elsie it could not be, she had a nervous dread of stirring off the piazza after nightfall. It must have been Elizabeth, then; but what was she doing there! He started toward the house with some vague thought in his mind, to which he could have given no expression.

His wife was not in any of the rooms through which he passed, and he hurried into the ball-room. The music had just struck up anew; he saw Elsie whirling away through a waltz; but Elizabeth was nowhere visible.

He got near enough to Elsie to whisper—

"Where is Bessie?"

"I don't know," she answered. "I have been dancing all the while, and have not seen her for some time."

He turned away; but, just then, Mrs. Harrington captured him, and it was several moments before he could escape from her tiresome loquacity.

He hurried through the parlors and up the stairs, opened the door of Elizabeth's dressing-room, and entered. There she was, standing at the window, and looking out. She turned quickly, and in a sort of confusion at his sudden entrance,

"Is it you?" she asked.

"Yes; I have been looking for you everywhere."

"I came up here for a moment's quiet," she answered. "I am very, very tired; I wish it was all over, Grantley."

"Have you been out?" he asked.

It seemed to him that she hesitated a little, as she answered—

"Out? No; where—what do you mean?"

"I thought I saw you in the grounds a little while ago."

"I should not be likely to go out in this dress," she replied, glancing down at her point lace flounces.

"Come, we must go down stairs; our guests will think us very careless hosts."

Mellen felt and looked dissatisfied, but could not well press the matter further.

"Are you coming down?" she asked.

"Yes; of course," he replied, coldly. "Don't wait for me."

She walked away without another word.

"She avoids me," he thought. "I see it more and more."

The ball was over at last. Even Elsie was completely tired out, and glad to creep away to her bed when the guests had departed.

With the next morning began preparations for Mellen's departure; and during the bustle of the following week, no one found much time for thought or reflection.

Tom Fuller came down suddenly, and opened his heart to Elizabeth. He was going to Europe; he did not ask to see Elsie; he felt that he had not the courage to meet her again for the present—once more, perhaps, before he went away; but not yet.

Elizabeth did not reproach the girl for her share in the honest fellow's unhappiness. She merely said—

"Tom is going to Europe on business; he sails next week."

"Oh, the foolish old fellow," replied Elsie; "and he never could learn to speak a French word correctly—what fun it would be to see him."

"You will miss him," Mellen said, quietly.

"Oh," replied his wife, with a forced smile, "I

must make up my mind to be lonely. I shall live through these months as I best can."

"It's horrid of you to go, Grant!" cried Elsie.

"I know it, dear; but there is no use fighting the unavoidable."

"Mind you write to me as often as you do to Bessie," she said. "If she gets one letter the most I never will forgive either of you."

She ran up to her brother, and stood leaning against his shoulder, with a playful caress, while he looked down at her with such entire love and trust in his face, that Elizabeth crept quietly away, and left them together.

The few days left to Mellen passed in a tumult of preparation. Sad doubts were at his heart, vague and so formless that he could not have expressed them in words, but painful as proven realities.

Elizabeth was greatly disturbed also; her fine color had almost entirely disappeared. She trembled at the slightest shock, and her very lips would turn white when she spoke of her husband's departure. She seemed stricken with a mortal terror of his going, and yet made no effort to detain him. She, too, had presentiments of evil that shocked her whole system, and made her brightest smile something mournful to look upon.

But the husband and wife had little opportunity to observe or understand the feelings that tortured them both. Elsie's cries, and tears, and hysterical spasms, kept the whole household in commotion. She should never see her brother again—never, never. Elizabeth might not be good to her. Sisters-in-law and school-friends were different creatures; she had found that out already. If she could only have died with her mother!

These cries broke out vehemently on the night before Mellen's departure. The spoiled child would not allow her brother to spend one moment from her side. So all that night, Elizabeth, pale, still, and bowed down by a terrible heart-ache, watched with her husband by the azure couch which Elsie preferred to her bed. It was a sad, mournful night to them both.

At daylight, Elsie's egotism was exhausted, and she fell asleep. The first sunshine came stealing up from its silvery play on the water, and shimmering through the lace curtains, fell on the young girl as she slept. There was trouble on that sweet face—genuine trouble; for Elsie loved her brother dearly, and his departure agitated her more deeply than he had ever known her moved before.

How lovely she looked with the drops trembling on those long, golden lashes, and staining the warm flush of her cheeks! One arm, from which the muslin sleeve had fallen back, lay under her head, half-buried in a tangle of curls; sobs broke at intervals through her parted lips, ending in long, troubled sighs.

Mellen was deeply touched. Elizabeth bent her head against the end of the couch and wept unheeded drops of anguish. The heart ached in her bosom. She shuddered visibly when the first sunbeam fell through the curtains. Only a few moments were left to them. Sick and faint, she lifted her head and turned her imploring eyes on his face—eyes so full of yearning agony, that his heart must have leaped through all its doubts to meet hers, had not his glance been fixed upon Elsie. The long, black lashes drooped over those gray eyes when she found their appeal disregarded, and the young wife shrunk within herself, shuddering at her own loneliness.

A servant came to the room, and by a sign announced breakfast. It was the last meal they might ever take together. This thought struck them both, and brought their hands in contact with a thrilling clasp. He drew her arm through his, and led her down stairs. She felt his heart beating against her arm, looked up, and saw that he was regarding her with glances of searching tenderness. Her eyes filled; her bosom heaved; and, but for a wild struggle, she would have burst into a passion of tears before the servant, who held the door open for them to pass into the breakfast-room.

How bright and cheerful it all looked—the crusted snow of the linen; the delicately chased silver, and more delicate china; and this was their last meal. She sat down and poured out his coffee. Her hand trembled, but she tried to smile when he took the cup and praised its aroma. She drank some herself, for the chill at her heart was spreading to her face and hands.

Little was said during the meal, and less was eaten. Elizabeth looked at the clock as a convict gazes on the axe that is to slay him. She counted the moments as they swept away the brief time which was yet given to them, while he glanced at his watch, nervously, every few minutes.

They went up stairs again. Elizabeth turned from Elsie's door and went into her own dressing-room. With all her magnanimity she could not give her husband up to his sister during the last moments of his stay. He followed her into the room, but directly lifted the curtain and went into Elsie's boudoir, where the young girl lay profoundly sleeping. Elizabeth would not follow. Her heart was swelling too painfully. She sat down, clasped both hands in her lap, and waited like a statue.

He had only crossed the boudoir, bent over Elsie, and pressed a cautious but most loving kiss on her forehead. She did not move, but smiled softly in her sleep, and he stole away, blessing her.

Elizabeth's heart gave a sudden leap when he came into her room again and sat down by her. He felt how cold her hand was, and kissed it.

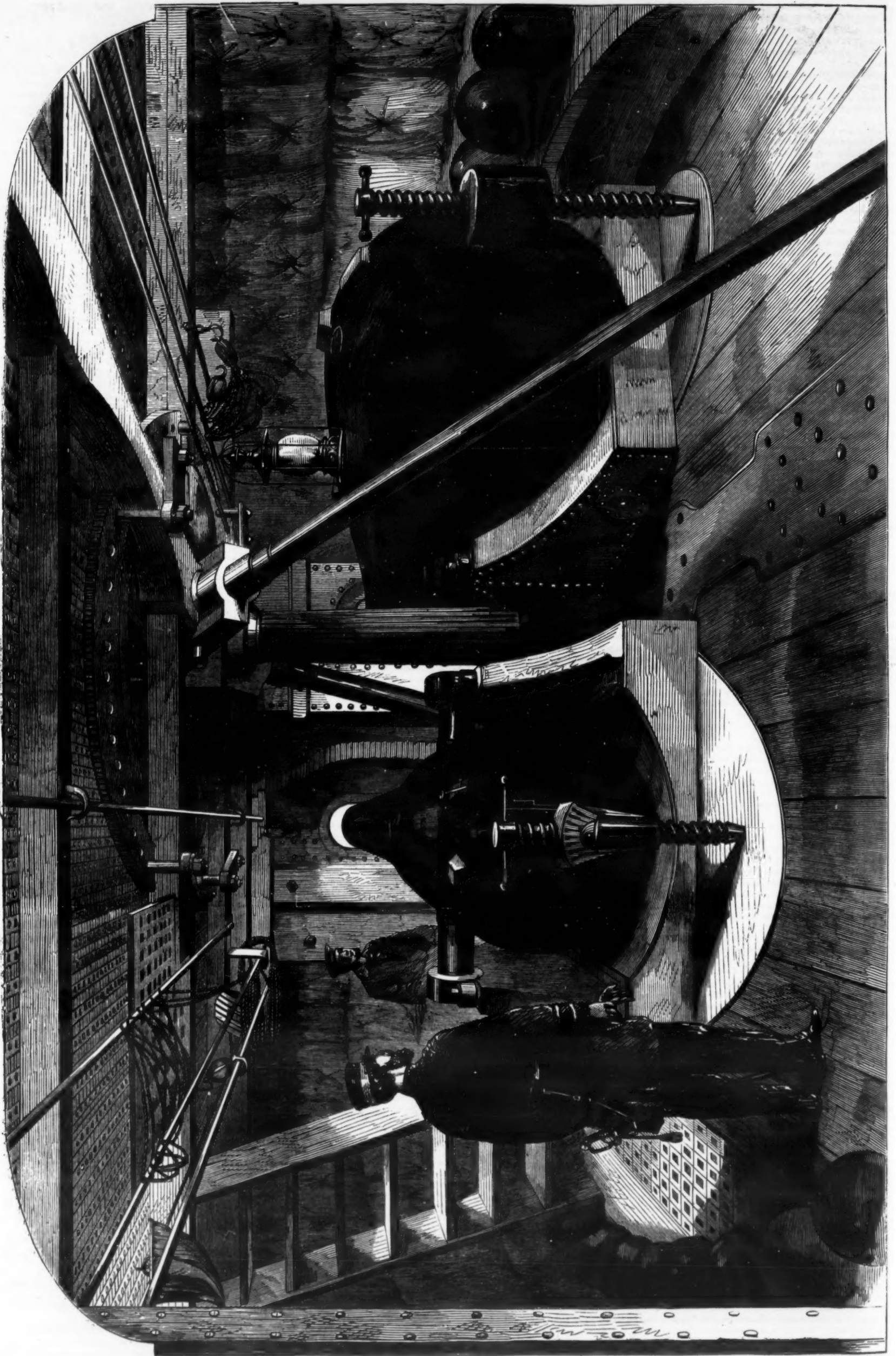
"Elizabeth!"

She turned, frightened by the tone of his voice. It was hoarse with emotion.

"Elizabeth, I have one charge to give before we part."

She bent her head in sorrowful submission.

"Elsie, my sister!"



OUR IRONCLAD FLEET—INTERIOR OF THE TURRET OF THE MONITOR MONTAUK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CHASE.



THE MONEY CRISIS IN THE SOUTH—AUCTION SALE OF A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE AT DANVILLE, NEAR THE NORTH CAROLINA BORDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A UNION PRISONER.

AUCTION SALE OF A FIVE DOLLAR GOLD PIECE AT DANVILLE, N. C.

We hear of extravagant coin sales here sometimes, and the hall of Messrs Bangs, Merwin & Co. often witnesses the eager contest between excited numismatists, who bid dollars on dollars for a 1793 cent or Bond Baltimore farthing, or a New York doubloon; but who ever expected to see an ordinary five dollar gold piece put up and bid for with equal if not greater eagerness? Such was actually the case at Danville, N. C., where a five dollar gold piece was the North Carolina Times tells us, put up at auction. What a change had secession brought! Who, that had seen the hall at one of its slave sales, the scene of excited competition, would have believed that the darling theory of secession would ever bring a company together to a sale of a half eagle? The bidding was spirited, and the piece was at last knocked down for \$150 Confederate money, the people deeming the old Government worth 30 of the new.

COUNTY BUILDINGS AT OPELOUSAS, LA.

OPELOUSAS is an interesting spot in Louisiana, from the fact that it was settled by some of those unfortunate Acadians who were so brutally torn from their homes in Nova Scotia, and after seeing their dwellings and farms given to the flames, driven on shipboard, without regard to family ties, and then scattered helpless and destitute in the Atlantic colonies from Massachusetts to Georgia. Longfellow, in his Evangeline, has made immortal the sorrows of two faithful betrothed; but the miseries of others remain unsung. A large number gradually reached



COUNTY BUILDINGS AT OPELOUSAS, LA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. DONWILL.

Louisiana, where they were welcomed by the French and settled on the beautiful rolling prairies of Opelousas. Their descendants still occupy it and live a pastoral life amid their immense herds of cattle. The town contains about 2,500 inhabitants, and has a courthouse and jail, which we represent, as well as a church, founded in 1780, by the Capucin friars, and an Ursuline convent.

THE DIVERS AT CHARLESTON.

THE monitors require constant care to maintain their efficiency, and the Government, among other things, employs divers to clean the bottoms and perform other subaqueous labors.

Their principal diver—appropriately named Waters—is so used to this work that he has become almost amphibious, remaining for five or six hours at a time under water. A man of herculean strength and proportions, when clad in his submarine armor he becomes monstrous in size and appearance. A more singular sight than to see him roll or tumble into the water and disappear from sight, or popping up, blowing, as the air escapes from his helmet, like a young whale, can scarcely be imagined.

Waters has his own ideas of a joke, and when he has a curious audience will wave his scraper about as he "bobs around" on the water, with the air of a veritable river god. One of his best jokes—the better for being a veritable fact—is illustrated by our Artist. Whilst he was employed scraping the hull of one of the monitors, a negro from one of the up river plantations came alongside with a boatload of water-melons. Whilst busy selling his melons, the diver came up, and rested on the side of the boat. The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance



THE DIVERS AT CHARLESTON—FRIGHT OF NEGRO FRUIT VENDORS AT THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF A SUPPOSED SEA MONSTER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

thus suddenly coming out of the water with alarmed wonder, but when the diver seized one of the best melons in the boat and disappeared under the water, the gurgling of the air from the helmet mixing with his muffled laughter, the fright of the negro and his comrades reached a climax. He has not been seen in the vicinity of Station creek since. He cannot be tempted beyond the bounds of his plantation, and believes that the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war.

The diver, when clothed in his armor, is weighed with 185 pounds. Besides this armor he has two leaden pads, fitting to his breast and back. The soles of his shoes are of lead, an inch and a half thick. All this weight is needed to overcome the buoyancy given by the mass of air forced into the armor and dress, the latter of lead-rubber, worn by the diver. When below the surface he can instantly bring himself up by closing momentarily the aperture in the helmet for the escape of the air. His buoyancy is immediately increased, and he pops up like a cork and floats at will upon the surface.

The work of serving the bottoms of the monitors is very arduous. The diver sits upon a spar, lashed athwart the bottom of the vessel, so arranged as to be moved as the work progresses, and with a scraper fixed to a long handle works on both sides of himself as far as he can reach. The mass of oysters that become attached to the iron hulls of one of the monitors, even during one summer here, is immense. By actual measurement it was estimated that 250 bushels of oysters, shells and seaweeds were taken from the bottom of the Monitor alone.

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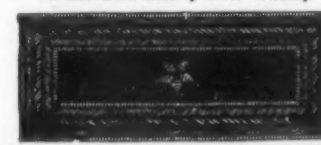
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